

Hedwig and the Angry Inch

Screenplay by John Cameron Mitchell

Song Lyrics by Stephen Trask

Revised 1/3/00

1 EXT. MUSIC VENUE - TWILIGHT 1

WIDE STATIONARY SHOT - A crowd is gathering for a rock concert outside a large hall. A colorful THEME RESTAURANT is visible next door to the hall.

2 INT. MUSIC VENUE (CONCERT HALL) - CONTINUOUS 2

A vast performance space is filling with young people. A fancy video CAMERA BOOM is being tested for some kind of broadcast.

3 EXT. MUSIC VENUE - CONTINUOUS 3

SAME WIDE SHOT - Above the heads of the milling crowd, a GOLDEN GLEAM appears on the horizon. It approaches the camera.

- Entrance of the auditorium: PEOPLE tearing tickets, SCALPERS.

- A sign reads: "Millenial Tour - SOLD OUT"

WIDE SHOT - The golden object is closer now and identifiable. It's an ornately styled BLOND HAIRDO, a good 6 inches above any other head. It seems to emit its own light. It turns heads.

4 INT. MUSIC VENUE (CONCERT HALL) - CONTINUOUS 4

A SOUND MAN hunkers over a huge board.

5 INT. MUSIC VENUE (THEME RESTAURANT) - CONTINUOUS 5

The strings of a CRAZY-LOOKING ELECTRIC GUITAR are being tuned.

(*We should get the impression that the events inside both the concert hall and the theme restaurant are happening in the same venue.)

6 INT. MUSIC VENUE (CONCERT HALL) - CONTINUOUS 6

The BEAMS of a laser light projector cut through the air.

7 EXT. MUSIC VENUE - CONTINUOUS 7

WIDE SHOT - The wig approaches inexorably, glittering dangerously. People start to give way as if for a threat...or a star.

8 INT. MUSIC VENUE (THEME RESTAURANT) - CONTINUOUS 8

- A MAN in a new wave hairdo (SKSZP) is lining his eyes severely.

- A MAN wearing a bandanna on his head (YITZHAK, played by a female actress) adjusts his crotch.

9 EXT. MUSIC VENUE - CONTINUOUS 9

WIDE SHOT - The wig has a face and it is Hedwig's. Intense glitter eyeshadow, rouge like whipmarks, lips for decades.

10 INT. MUSIC VENUE (CONCERT HALL) - CONTINUOUS 10

The crowd is clapping with impatience and excitement.

11 EXT. MUSIC VENUE - CONTINUOUS 11

WIDE SHOT - Hedwig is in full figure now. She's wearing a full-length acid-washed denim cape with a stars and stripes theme. Random American words are spattered on it like an accidental Dada poem. People gawk. Some snap pictures. We hear a swell of CHEERS from within.

12 INT. MUSIC VENUE (THEME RESTAURANT) - CONTINUOUS 12

A GUITARIST in a Duran Duran jacket (KRZYZHTOFF) is on stage. YITZHAK, the bandanna man, checks his watch, then shrugs and signals Krzyzhtoff. Krzyzhtoff begin to play "America the Beautiful" on his guitar.

13 EXT. MUSIC VENUE - CONTINUOUS 13

WIDE SHOT - Hedwig hears the guitar, checks her watch and quickens her pace.

A nervous YOUNG MAN holding pen and paper accosts her directly in front the concert hall as if seeking an autograph.

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

HEDWIG

Yes?

YOUNG MAN

Who are you?

Hedwig stares at him for a smoldering moment.

Then she strides past him and past the concert hall. We can read its marquee:

Tommy Gnosis
THE MILLENNIAL TOUR

She enters the colorful theme restaurant next door to the concert hall. A sign screams:

THANK GOD IT'S FRANKFURT!
OLD-FASHIONED GERMAN HOSPITALITY

SMASH CUT TO:

14 INT. MUSIC VENUE (TGI-FRANKFURT RESTAURANT) - CONTINUOUS 14

CLOSEUP on the bandanna-wearing Yitzhak at a mike.

YITZHAK

(Eastern European accent)

Ladies and Gentleman, whether you like it
or not, HEDWIG!

We cut to Hedwig whipping open her cape on a makeshift stage in a restaurant decorated in a style that can only be called late Teutonic kitsch. The lining of her cape is spray-painted to look like a wall.

HEDWIG

(shouting)

Don't you know me? I'm the new Berlin
Wall. Try and tear me down!

CREDITS roll.

A small audience of unsuspecting, mall-numbed customers look up from their wienerschnitzels. A table of Hedwig groupies (Hedheads) wearing foam Hedwig-type wigs cheer as The Angry Inch, Hedwig's vaguely 80's-looking Eastern European glam rock band kicks into a hard rock song, Tear Me Down. Hedwig works the room Tina Turner-style.

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)

(singing)

I WAS BORN ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF A TOWN RIPPED IN TWO
I MADE IT OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE
NOW I'M COMING FOR YOU
ENEMIES AND ADVERSARIES
THEY TRY AND TEAR ME DOWN
YOU WANT ME, BABY, I DARE YOU
TRY AND TEAR ME DOWN

During the song we feature Hedwig's entourage. In addition to guitarist Krzyzhtoff, keyboardist Skszp, and back-up singer Yitzhak, we meet:

- the bassist, JACEK, a pouting goth rocker in black lipstick;

- the drummer, SCHLATKO, a muscular monster of rock in a Twisted Sister t-shirt;

- Hedwig's classy manager, PHYLLIS STEIN, who is as comfortable in Chanel as in a mosh pit. She is documenting the show with a large handheld Beta VIDEO CAMERA.

We also feature a TELEVISION screen above the bar. On it, TOMMY GNOSIS, a young Marilyn Mansonesque rock star, performs amid gigantic stage lighting in the large concert hall that we saw in the opening sequence. In a sudden closeup on the screen we notice a bold SILVER CROSS is painted on his forehead.

Hedwig's gyrations delight some audience members. Others are baffled or frightened.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

I ROSE FROM OFF OF THE DOCTOR'S SLAB
LIKE LAZARUS FROM THE PIT
NOW EVERYONE WANTS TO TAKE A STAB
AND DECORATE ME
WITH BLOOD GRAFFITI AND SPIT
ENEMIES AND ADVERSARIES
THEY TRY AND TEAR ME DOWN
YOU WANT ME, BABY, I DARE YOU
TRY AND TEAR ME DOWN

Behind the band, crude cartoon drawings and photographs of the Berlin Wall are projected amateurishly onto a bedsheet.

(CONTINUED)

As she tapes the show, Phyllis clicks a cheap remote SLIDE CHANGER (with a wire attached) changing the projection on the bedsheet. The band takes the song down to a vamp. On the bedsheet, quick-changing slides of crude drawings tell a little story during the Yitzhak's speech.

YITZHAK

(speaking)

ON AUGUST 12, 1961,

A WALL WAS ERECTED DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE
CITY OF BERLIN

BEDSHEET SLIDESHOW: The first image is a black on white drawing of a little 6-YEAR-OLD BOY sitting on the bombed-out Eastern side of the Berlin Wall. Next to him, a small DRAIN PIPE issues from the wall and starts to gush crazy colorful water. Western objects and artifacts spew from the pipe: a pair of ACID-WASHED JEANS, a TELEVISION WITH FARRAH FAWCETT ON IT, a life-sized POSTER OF A GLAM ROCK STAR, etc., float down the stream created by the water. The boy grabs some of the things as they rush by. The water starts to flood the street next to the boy.

YITZHAK (cont'd)

THE WORLD WAS DIVIDED BY A COLD WAR
AND THE BERLIN WALL WAS THE MOST HATED
SYMBOL OF THAT DIVIDE
REVEILED. GRAFFITIED. SPIT UPON.
WE THOUGHT THE WALL WOULD STAND FOREVER

The boy dons the jeans and Farrah's wig and tapes the rock star poster over his body so that he becomes a patchwork approximation of the Hedwig we see performing before us. The Eastern half of the city is quickly filling up with water and Western flotsam. The boy is forced to climb the wall to avoid the water. As he does so, the wall begins to CRACK under the pressure. Just as the boy reaches its summit, the wall shatters and collapses. A TIDAL WAVE OF WATER crashes into the East as the Wall and Hansel disappear.

YITZHAK (cont'd)

AND NOW THAT IT'S GONE
WE DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE ANYMORE.
LADIES AND GENTLEMAN,
HEDWIG IS LIKE THAT WALL,

The water quickly recedes, leaving a giant movie monster-sized version of Hedwig standing in place of the Wall.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

East and west of her, TINY PEOPLE appear in land vehicles and planes. They start shooting at each other, spray-painting things on her, scaling her. Hedwig wards them off, like King Kong atop the Empire State.

YITZHAK (cont'd)
STANDING BEFORE YOU IN THE DIVIDE
BETWEEN EAST AND WEST,
SLAVERY AND FREEDOM,
MAN AND WOMAN,
TOP AND BOTTOM.
AND YOU CAN TRY AND TEAR HER DOWN,
BUT BEFORE YOU DO,
YOU MUST REMEMBER ONE THING:

The final projected tableau fades and we find the real Hedwig in place of her comic book counterpart.

HEDWIG
(singing)
LISTEN!
AIN'T MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A BRIDGE AND A WALL
WITHOUT ME RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE
YOU WOULD BE NOTHING AT ALL
ENEMIES AND ADVERSARIES
THEY TRY AND TEAR ME DOWN
YOU WANT ME BABY I DARE YOU
COME ON AND TEAR ME...!

YITZHAK
(echoing and outdoing her)
COME ON AND TEAR ME....

HEDWIG
(a different tack)
COME ON AND TEAR ME...

YITZHAK
(seeing and raising her)
COME ON AND TEAR ME....

HEDWIG
(struggling)
COME ON AND TEAR ME...

YITZHAK
COME ON AND TEAR ME...

Yitzhak sustains a fabulous HIGH NOTE.

(CONTINUED)

Hedwig covertly DISCONNECTS Yitzhak's mike.

HEDWIG

....DOWN!

Hedwig leaps in the air and we...

CUT TO:

15 INT. THANK GOD IT'S FIJI! RESTAURANT, 24 HOURS LATER - 15
EVENING

Hedwig's boots hit the floor in a new venue, another sterile franchise with an identical layout but decorated with prefab South Seas bricabrac. A waitress wearing a grass skirt and carrying tropical drinks crosses frame. A clearly marked EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR is near the performance area. A small number of customers are drinking at tables and applauding tepidly. A few Hedhead groupies are whooping it up. Hedwig's musicians present their usual stony facades. Phyllis records the show on her video camera. Hedwig continues her show from where we left off in the last scene--the applause after Tear Me Down.

HEDWIG

Thank you! Thank you, you're so sweet. I do love a warm hand on my entrance.

Schlatko, the drummer, fires off a RIMSHOT. A couple of laughs.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

My name is Hedwig. Please welcome those ambassadors of Eastern Bloc Rock, the Angry Inch!

She introduces the band. Then she points into the audience.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

Look out guys! Immigration!

They all turn to look in a stiff, rehearsed fashion. Rimshot. One person laughs.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

I'm thrilled you could join me tonight, the fabulous first night of my World Tour and when it comes to huge openings, a lot of people think of me.

(CONTINUED)

Rimshot.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

Many of you, though, have only recently become aware of me...

Behind Hedwig, appears a BEDSHEET PROJECTION of a National Enquirer article with the headline:

Tommy Gnosis' Gay Transexual Lover:

"I wrote every song on that album!"

Below this is are TWO GRAINY PHOTOS arranged side by side. One is a tight shot of TOMMY GNOSIS looking unhappy. The SILVER CROSS on his forehead is featured. Next to this is a photo of a grinning Hedwig.

HEDWIG (VIDEO cont'd)

...It took a character assassination piece like this to make you finally pay attention. Now you're interested. Intrigued even...

The bedsheets projection changes to a blowup of the grinning Hedwig shot with the caption:

Who is Mystery "Woman"?

HEDWIG (cont'd)

(broad American accent)

...Who is this Hedwig and why have we never heard about her before, Bob?

(normal accent)

Well, that's a question I've been asking myself for years, minus the Bob.

Rimshot.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

How did some slip of a girlyboy from Communist East Berlin become the internationally ignored song stylist barely standing before you? That's what I want to talk about tonight. I'm not here to talk about buzz, spin, heat, hype, or any other member of my band...

Double rimshot. The band continues to stare vacantly.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

HEDWIG (cont'd)
I'm not here to talk about my lawsuit
against a certain well known rock icon,
Tommy Gnosis, who by some freak
coincidence is performing right next door
at the Cincinnati Arena...

She opens the EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR. Muffled ROCK CONCERT
SOUNDS pour forth: a massive arena version of Tear Me Down.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
(screaming over the music)
...AND WHOM I TAUGHT EVERYTHING HE KNOWS,
AND HAS APPARENTLY FORGOTTEN, ABOUT ROCK
AND ROLL...

She slams the door and the sound disappears. Hedwig lights a
cigarette.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
You know, the road is my home. My home, the
road...

DISSOLVE TO:

16

16

INT. MOTEL ROOM #1 - LATER THAT NIGHT

The show continues on a television screen. We are suddenly
watching a hand-held videotaped record of the TGI-France
performance. We zoom slowly out from the TV screen.

HEDWIG (cont'd ON VIDEO)
And when I think of all the people I have
come upon in my travels, I have to think
about the people who have come upon me. (a
fairly good laugh from audience)...

On the video, a shaky, hand-held pan to an expressionist
illustration projected onto the bedsheet.

PHYLLIS (O.S.)
(re: the camera move)
Nice! I should be a filmmaker.
(on the phone)
Yeah, Phyllis Stein, manager of Hedwig and
the Angry Inch...

PHYLLIS'S HAND enters frame and turns down the volume on the
TV.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

The hand goes to an earphone cable extension plugged into a cel phone in her lap. She holds the mike on the extension closer to her mouth.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

Inch. Not Itch.

We widen to find that Hedwig, Phyllis, the band and all their equipment are in a cheap motel room with one small bed. Lots of pink and teal. The band is engaged in post-show, pre-bed activities:

- Hedwig, wearing a more modest at-home wig, is brushing out her show wig,
- Skszp noodles on a tiny electric piano,
- Krzyzhtoff tinkers with an amp,
- Jacek is off in a corner with a YOUNG FEMALE HEDHEAD,
- Schlatko, a single parent, feeds his BABY with a bottle,
- Yitzhak, wearing Walkman headphones, is hauling a huge amp into the room. We cut to an...

INSERT of the cassette in her Walkman. We can read the handwritten words "Rent - Original Cast Recording" on the label.

PHYLLIS

(still on the phone)

...That's wonderful. Brad, I love you.

She hangs up and turns to Hedwig who is doodling on a sketch pad.

INSERT of her doodle (in the style of the bedsheet projections): a YOUNG MALE FIGURE (Tommy Gnosis) sporting a Christian "fish" symbol.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

"Thank God It's Finland!" is a go. Brad tells me the whole chain is on the verge of bankruptcy. We can have a gig in any one of their restaurants nationwide within 24 hours--automatic. That's access, sweetie, access.

(watching the video)

Digital. The camera. I wish this phone were digital. I wish I was digital.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
(to Krzyzhtoff)
Analog is dead!

She turns up the sound on the video. Some more bedsheet drawings.

HEDWIG (CONT'D ON VIDEO)
...the geography of human contact, the
triangulation of a pair of eyes on my face,
the latitude and longitude of a hand on my
body. These are the only clues I have to my
place in the world. To who I am. Who is
"Mystery Woman"?...
(laughing)
..I laugh, because I will cry if I don't. Am
I laughing or crying? I don't even know.

Hedwig turns the volume down again.

HEDWIG
(to Phyllis)
What's tommorrow?

PHYLLIS
Travel day. Travel day for Tommy, travel
day for us. Friday, he's at Soldier Field
in Chicago. We're across the street at
Thank God It's France...or Florida.

Hedwig shoots her a look as if to say, "that's it?"

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
Well, Tommy's doing a record signing at Virgin
on Friday.

Hedwig is excited.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
Honey, I just don't think it's going to help
the lawsuit to be st-- to present the
appearance of stalking him.

Hedwig is not really listening. She finishes up the sketch
of Tommy.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
How bout you don't talk to him and I get
someone to steal a photo of you two together--
you know some rag will run it. It'll even
help the case, I bet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

I'll make some calls right now. I'll be right next door. Good night all.

Mumbled Slavic "goodnights" from the band as they bed down on the floor with sleeping bags (the female groupie included). Yitzhak finishes setting up the bed and the nightstand with candles, incense, condoms and lube. A colored scarf goes over a lamp.

Hedwig put a hairnet over her wig and powders down her "sleeping makeup". She approaches the bed where Yitzhak is waiting under the sheet with a certain anticipation. Yitzhak rolls over so that his rear is presented. Hedwig turns to the nightstand.

INSERT: She switches on her *Natural Sound* Sleep Machine, setting it to "Southern Nights". FROG AND CRICKET SOUNDS fill the air.

Hedwig slides into bed and pulls Yitzhak into a spooning position. She starts rubbing her pelvis against his ass. Yitzhak accepts this with a measure of equanimity, but then frustration mounts and...

...he abruptly turns to face Hedwig.

Hedwig is surprised and confused. Yitzhak reaches out a hand to touch her face. Hedwig is too shocked to react. Yitzhak tries to kiss her. Hedwig recoils, wrenches Yitzhak back around, and starts to hump him violently from behind.

We widen to find that the video is still playing. On the monitor is a closeup of the bedsheet projection screen featuring a drawn tableau of...

...TWO SPINDLY FIGURES in the same humping position as Hedwig and Yitzhak. In the "humping" position is a MALE FIGURE wearing military headgear. This figure is labelled "Dad". In the "humped" position is a FEMALE FIGURE labelled "Mom".

As we ZOOM slowly into this tableau on the television, the drawn figures hump and a LITTLE BOY FIGURE emerges from between the female's legs. He is labelled "Hansel". The parents disappear leaving only the "Hansel", the same figure who sat by the Berlin Wall. Hedwig's voice-over fades up.

HEDWIG (V.O.)

...you see, I recently found my first diary, age 2 through 6. It was fully illustrated.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

We zoom until the television fills the frame. Then the TV screen dissolves and disappears...

17 INT. EAST BERLIN APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

17

The Hansel drawing is now on a plain white background. A crayon enters frame and begins to color in "Hansel"'s clothes.

We widen and find a dark-haired SIX-YEAR-OLD BOY sitting at the kitchen table (a broad piece of plywood placed on a large old-fashioned bathtub). The boy is drawing with a deluxe box of crayons. This is the real, live-action HANSEL.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)

As I leafed through the pages, I realized that so many people have touched me on my way to this stage tonight...

INSERT: Hansel draws new figures who assume the "humping" position behind the boy figure. They appear successively in montage: the Glam Rock Star, Nixon, Jesus, Hitler, Stalin, etc.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)

...How can I say who touched me the most? My father, the America GI...?

The drawing of the GI Dad is now positioned behind the Hansel drawing.

18 INT. EAST BERLIN APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EVENING

18

The two figures suddenly become real as Hansel and his real DAD (in GI uniform) lie quietly on a narrow bed in the same position as the drawings.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

Could it have been my East German Mother?

A BLEACH-BLONDE WOMAN (Hansel's MOM) enters the bedroom and sees them. She lets out a shriek and, unleashing a flood of German-accented English language invective, begins to punch and slap Hansel's Dad. Dad doesn't make much of an effort to defend himself. He just gets up and walks out as she spits on him.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Little Hansel is crying in bed. Mom sits beside him but, torn between disgust and sympathy, she cannot bring herself to touch him. She leaves the room.

19 INT. EAST BERLIN APT. KITCHEN - DAY

19

A CARTOON RICHARD NIXON is on a black and white TV screen that is being watched by six-year-old Hansel and Mom who are both seating at the kitchen table.

INSERT: Mom is slicing tomatoes.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

One day, I was watching Jesus Christ Superstar on American Forces Television.

Nixon is replaced by a CARTOON JESUS. (The following conversation is delivered in English with German accents.)

HANSEL

Mom, Jesus said the darndest things.

Mom slaps him hard across the face and turns off the TV.

MOM

Don't you ever mention that name to me again.

HANSEL

But he died for our sins!

MOM

So did Hitler!

HANSEL

What?

MOM

Absolute power corrupts--

HANSEL

Absolutely!

MOM

Better to be powerless, my son.

She changes the channel and turns the TV back on. CARTOON STALIN is on the screen.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

HEDWIG (V.O.)

She got her wish when the Wall went up. We happened to be living on the East Side and Mother was given a job teaching sculpture to limbless children...

20 INT. EAST BERLIN ART CLASSROOM - DAY

20

Mom chisels at a gray block of concrete in front of a class of LISTLESS YOUNG AMPUTEES. Smaller blocks sit untouched on desks in front of each of them. One especially FRAIL BOY raises his stump to ask a question. Mom doesn't notice.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

Communism, God rest its soul!

The shot dissolves into...

21 EXT. BAADER-MEINHOF GARDENS APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

21

...a cluster of huge, gray, concrete, block-like Communist apartment buildings.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

...Life was simple at Baader-Meinhoff Gardens where we lived.

Little HANSEL is positioned in front of an handsome older blond boy who has his arms wrapped around Hansel's middle in a spooning position. Hansel is very excited to be where he is. He's inhaling and exhaling rapidly and loudly. Two other BOYS watch them intently.

INSERT: The crotch of Hansel's pants swells slightly.

Hansel becomes sweaty and light-headed as he hyperventilates. Suddenly, the blond boy squeezes him very tightly around the middle. Hansel's eyes cross and he immediately goes limp. The boys gasp and applaud. The triumphant blond boy drops Hansel, letting him fall heavily to the ground.

CLOSE on Hansel's ecstatic unconscious face as the boys' applause swells.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

Most of my time was spent listening to American Forces Radio. Our apartment was so small that Mother made me play it in the oven.

22 INT. EAST BERLIN APT. KITCHEN - EVENING

22

In a tiny kitchen dominated by an ancient bathtub, Mother boils tomatoes and skins them.

SHOT: SIX-YEAR-OLD HANSEL is curled up on the top rack of a grimy oven with a radio.

Quick cut to:

- the same shot but TEN-YEAR-OLD HANSEL is half in the oven.

Then to:

- the same shot but HEDWIG has her head on the top rack. She speaks to camera.

HEDWIG

Late at night, I would listen to voices of the American masters: Toni Tenille, Debbie Boone. Anne Murray--who was actually a Canadian working in the American idiom. Then there were the crypto-homo rockers: Lou Reed, Iggy Pop, David Bowie--who was actually an idiom working in America and Canada. To be a young american in muskrat love soft as an easy chair, not even the chair, I am I said! Have I never been mellow? And the colored girls sing...

BACKUP SINGERS (V.O.)

Doo do doo...

HEDWIG

I sang along...

BACKUP SINGERS & HEDWIG (V.O.)

Doo do doo do doo...

HEDWIG

But never with the melody. How could I do it better than Toni or Debby?

BACKUP SINGERS (V.O.)

...doo do doo...

HEDWIG

(singing loudly)

It can't be wrong, if it feels so r--

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Mother hurls a tomato in the direction of the oven.

We cut back inside the oven and Hedwig has been replaced by 6-YEAR-OLD HANSEL who is picking tomato seeds off himself and eating them.

BACKUP SINGERS (V.O.)

...doo do doo...

INT. EAST BERLIN APT. KITCHEN, AN HOUR LATER - EVENING

WIDE SHOT: In the oven, Hansel sings harmony with the backup singers while Mom sits in the old bathtub molding a new clay bust.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. EAST BERLIN APT. KITCHEN, A FEW HOURS LATER - NIGHT 23

Its rather dark now. Mom's bust now looks like Stalin. Hansel is asleep in the oven. Mom yawns, checks her watch and gets out of the tub.

Hansel wakes up in the oven.

INT. EAST BERLIN APT. KITCHEN, MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

At one end of the bathtub, they wash their feet and brush their teeth. The bust remains at the other end.

24 INT. EAST BERLIN APT. BEDROOM, MINUTES LATER - NIGHT 24

They are lying in the same narrow bed where Hansel and Dad once lay together. Their bodies look like two pieces of a puzzle that don't quite fit but are jammed together and left on a table.

25 INT. THANK GOD IT'S FINLAND! RESTAURANT - DAY 25

Mom's and Hansel's figures dissolve into a DRAWING of Mom and Hansel in the same position. It is projected onto a bedsheet.

We widen from the drawing and find Hedwig and the Angry Inch performing in a Finnish/Laplander-themed restaurant in the familiar layout.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

There are lots of sleds and reindeer and Nokia cel phones. The wait staff is dressed in parkas. A healthy number of Hedhead groupies are mixed into the sparse audience. Hedwig is caught in the emotion of the previous scene's memory.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm completely dilated right now.

She pulls herself together and nods to SKSZP who begins an acoustic guitar intro.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

I'd like to share a bedtime story that Mother once whispered to me in the dark and later retracted. Whatever allowed her to reveal such a story to such a little boy, I'll never know. But I remember it like it happened yesterday.

The following song, The Origin of Love, is illustrated by projected drawings. The first drawing is a verdant landscape of mountains and clouds.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

(singing gently)

WHEN THE EARTH WAS STILL FLAT
AND CLOUDS MADE OF FIRE
AND MOUNTAINS STRETCHED UP TO THE SKY
SOMETIMES HIGHER
FOLKS ROAMED THE EARTH
LIKE BIG ROLLING KEGS

CLOSEUP of the bedsheet: A new slide introduces GLOBULAR CREATURES into the landscape. This slide disappears and we begin an....

26 ANIMATED SEQUENCE

26

A little animated film within the film tells the story that Hedwig describes. We cross-cut back and forth between this animated film and Hedwig and the band performing The Origin of Love.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

THEY HAD TWO SETS OF ARMS
THEY HAD TWO SETS OF LEGS
THEY HAD TWO FACES PEERING
OUT OF ONE GIANT HEAD
SO THEY COULD WATCH ALL AROUND THEM

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)

AS THEY TALKED WHILE THEY READ
AND THEY NEVER KNEW NOTHING OF LOVE.
IT WAS BEFORE THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE

AND THERE WAS THREE SEXES THEN
ONE THAT LOOKED LIKE TWO MEN
GLUED UP BACK TO BACK
THEY CALLED THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.
AND SIMILAR IN SHAPE AND GIRTH
WERE THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH
THEY LOOKED LIKE TWO GIRLS
ROLLED UP IN ONE.
AND THE CHILDREN OF THE MOON
LOOKED LIKE A FORK SHOVED ON A SPOON.
THEY WERE PART SUN, PART EARTH,
PART DAUGHTER, PART SON.

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

NOW THE GODS GREW QUITE SCARED
OF OUR STRENGTH AND DEFIANCE
AND THOR SAID,
"I'M GONNA KILL THEM ALL
WITH MY HAMMER
LIKE I KILLED THE GIANTS."
AND ZEUS SAID, "NO,
YOU BETTER LET ME
USE MY LIGHTNING LIKE SCISSORS
LIKE I CUT THE LEGS OFF THE WHALES
AND DINOSAURS INTO LIZARDS."
THEN HE GRABBED UP SOME BOLTS
AND HE LET OUT A LAUGH
SAID, "I'LL SPLIT THEM RIGHT DOWN THE
MIDDLE
GONNA CUT THEM RIGHT UP IN HALF."
AND THE STORM CLOUDS GATHERED ABOVE
INTO GREAT BALLS OF FIRE.

AND THEN FIRE SHOT DOWN
FROM THE SKY IN BOLTS
LIKE SHINING BLADES
OF A KNIFE.
AND IT RIPPED
RIGHT THROUGH THE FLESH
OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN
AND THE MOON
AND THE EARTH
AND SOME INDIAN GOD

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)

SEWED THE WOUND UP INTO A HOLE
PULLED AROUND TO OUR BELLIES
TO REMIND US OF THE PRICE WE PAY
AND OSIRIS AND THE GODS OF THE NILE
GATHERED UP A BIG STORM
TO BLOW A HURRICANE,
TO SCATTER US AWAY,
IN A FLOOD OF WIND AND RAIN,
A SEA OF TIDAL WAVES
TO WASH US ALL AWAY,
AND IF WE DON'T BEHAVE
THEY'LL CUT US DOWN AGAIN
AND WE'LL BE HOPPING AROUND ON ONE FOOT
AND LOOKING THROUGH ONE EYE.

LAST TIME I SAW YOU
WE HAD JUST SPLIT IN TWO
YOU WAS LOOKING AT ME.
I WAS LOOKING AT YOU.
YOU HAD A WAY SO FAMILIAR,
BUT I COULD NOT RECOGNIZE
CAUSE YOU HAD BLOOD ON YOUR FACE
I HAD BLOOD IN MY EYES
BUT I COULD SWEAR BY YOUR EXPRESSION
THAT THE PAIN DOWN IN YOUR SOUL
WAS THE SAME AS THE ONE DOWN IN MINE.
THAT'S THE PAIN,
CUTS A STRAIGHT LINE
DOWN THROUGH THE HEART
WE CALLED IT LOVE.
SO WE WRAPPED OUR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER
TRYING TO SHOVE OURSELVES BACK TOGETHER.
WE WERE MAKING LOVE,
MAKING LOVE.
IT WAS A COLD, DARK EVENING
SUCH A LONG TIME AGO,
WHEN BY THE MIGHTY HAND OF JOVE,
IT WAS A SAD STORY
HOW WE BECAME
LONELY TWO-LEGGED CREATURES
IT'S THE STORY OF
THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.
THAT'S THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

As the song winds down, TWO ANIMATED FACES--halves that once formed a whole face--gaze at each other. One is male, the other female.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

The faces and the animated world disappear as the song fades out.

27 INT. THANK GOD IT'S FINLAND! RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

27

The band is back in the restaurant. The audience is applauding politely. Some are leaving.

CLOSE on Hedwig:

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

After Mother finished, she began to snore.
But I had to go somewhere I could think.

28 INT. EAST BERLIN APT. KITCHEN

28

Hedwig's head is back in the oven. She speaks to camera.

HEDWIG

It is clear that I must find my other half.
But is it a he or a she? Is it Daddy? He
went away. Or Mother? I was suddenly afraid
to go back to bed. What does this person look
like? Identical to me? Or somehow
complementary? Does my other half have what I
don't? Did he get the looks? The luck? The
love? Were we really separated forcibly or
did he just run off with the good stuff? Or
did I? Will this person embarrass me? And
what about sex? Is that how we put ourselves
back together again? Is that what Daddy was
trying to...? Or can two people actually become
one again? And if we're driving on the
Autobahn when it happens, can we still use the
diamond lane?

CUT TO:

29 INT. MOTEL ROOM #2- DAWN

29

Sunrise through curtains in a new motel room--same decor,
orange and yellow palette this time. A television (with the
sound turned off) is playing a videotape of the TGI-Finland
show. The band snores in sleeping bags on the floor.

WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT: On the bed, Hedwig and Yitzhak are in
the same spooning position. Hedwig, in the dominant
position, is snoring and clutching Yitzhak from behind.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

CLOSER SHOT: Camera continues across their bodies. We reach Hedwig's bare lower abdomen and discover a TATTOO of the male and female "half faces" from the end of the Origin sequence. Camera arrives on Yitzhak's face. His eyes are wide open.

Yitzhak carefully pries his body free so as not to wake Hedwig. He succeeds and shifts as far away from her as possible.

WIDE OVERHEAD AGAIN: His body is just a sliver of wakefulness teetering on the edge of the bed.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CHICAGOLAND MALL - DAY

30

Hedwig and her band are in the middle of a huge mall near an escalator. Hedwig sits on an amp. Though they are dressed more conservatively, passers-by still gawk. A TOMMY GNOSIS SONG, "The Long Grift", is playing over the sound system.

TOMMY (ON P.A.)

Look what you've done
You gigolo
You know that I loved you, hon
But I didn't want to know
That your cool, seductive serenade...

Featured in their vicinity is a poster with a picture of Tommy and his trademark SILVER CROSS. It reads:

Meet Tommy Gnosis In Person
Today at Virgin Records

They listen to the song for a while. Meanwhile, Krzyzhtoff records mall sounds on his Walkman. Yitzhak checks his watch. Schlatko plays with his baby. Jacek cruises the teenagers. Skszp hands out flyers to nervous people. Hedwig slaps at a mosquito on her neck.

CLOSE ON NECK: A little red bite. The mosquito escaped.

They listen to the song some more. A crowd is gathering to watch them. Suddenly, Phyllis is there. Hedwig glares at her.

PHYLLIS

I am so sorry. I was waiting for the Bell Atlantic guy to show up.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

She notices the song.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

(to Hedwig)

Is that his new single?

Hedwig is grimly silent.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Oh God, it's not one of yours again?

Hedwig would rather walk than answer. They all follow. Yitzhak, hauling the amp, brings up the rear.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

I am so sorry, honey. Please, sweetie, just don't say anything to him. If you do, he's got the power. You know what I mean? He'll have the power.

Phyllis suddenly seems to vibrate. She flicks her tongue against her teeth and then seems to hear something we don't.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

Yes? Fine.

(to Hedwig)

The photographer is on his way.

She suddenly hears something again and lets out a shriek of laughter. She seems to be carrying on a one-sided conversation.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

You cunt! Fantastic! You? Comes and goes. Bill Graham? Ahmet Ertegun. Geffen, Schmeffen! Drop the soap. The redeye!

(to Hedwig)

Sorry. Don't you just love this new phone?

(indicates inside her ear)

It's surgically implanted.

(to unseen person)

Hedwig. Hedwig!

(to Hedwig)

It's an old friend from the CBGB'S days. Say hi.

Phyllis points to her teeth. Hedwig speaks tentatively into Phyllis' mouth.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

HEDWIG

Hello.

PHYLLIS

(listens for a moment, then to
Hedwig)

He says he loves your work.

(to unseen person)

Meat Loaf? Bowie! Bye!

She hangs up with by flicking her tongue on a tooth.

PHYLLIS

If he could drop pounds the way he drops
names.

(re: her phone)

It's incredible isn't it? You only need a
local anesthetic to install. They sever a
nerve for comfort. Like I did in my forehead
for the wrinkles. I'm considering bo-tox
injections, paralyzes the entire face.
Marvelous for negotiations.

(bares her teeth)

Can you tell which is the microphone?

(points to a tooth)

Looks real, doesn't it? You pick up a call by
flicking it lightly with your tongue. You
dial from this understated brooch.

(smoothing her dress)

The full system preserves the line of any
ensemble.

They arrive at the entrance of a VIRGIN RECORD STORE.
Yitzhak, sweating profusely, plops the amp down with a grunt.
A crowd of teenagers are waiting to get in. Phyllis motions
the band to stay put and then catches up with Hedwig who is
pushing her way to the entrance where a casually dressed
PUBLICIST, holding a clipboard, stands with security men.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

(to Hedwig)

Damn, the photographer must be inside already.

(to Publicist)

Hi, we're A&R from A&M--

PUBLICIST

(fully aware of who they are)

I'm fully aware of who you are and I'm sorry,
this is a private event.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3)

30

PHYLLIS
 (indicating the crowd)
 A private event?

A gesture from the Publicist and Phyllis and Hedwig are ushered away by the security men. Phyllis shouts over her shoulder to the Publicist.

PHYLLIS
 I could have your job!

31 INT. RECORD STORE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

31

CLOSE ON A MALE HAND (TOMMY'S) SIGNING CD'S. His nail-polish shimmers.

PHYLLIS
 ...I COULD HAVE YOUR JOB!

The hand stops signing as Tommy notices Phyllis' shouts. A MOSQUITO lights on his hand. He slaps at it.

EXTREMELY CLOSE on Tommy's hand to reveal the crushed mosquito in the center of a smudge of vivid RED BLOOD.

He rubs at the stain and returns to signing.

32 INT. NEARBY LAUNDROMAT - SOON AFTERWARDS

32

Hedwig is scratching her mosquito bite as she and the rest of the band load their clothes into washers. Using a little squirt bottle of bleach, she absently creates acid-wash patterns on a denim skirt through the following scene.

Some WHITE-TRASH CUSTOMERS, including a large HOUSEWIFE, are doing their laundry too. As Phyllis speaks to Hedwig, Yitzhak is hauling in the huge amp with great difficulty trying to find a place to put it.

PHYLLIS
 I think we should focus on our own events.
 We'll shadow Tommy's tour and squeeze the
 local press along the way. But I don't
 want to blow our wad on my E! Channel
 contact til we're better positioned.
 Maybe by the time we get to New York.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
 (she gets a call and flicks her
 tooth)
 Hold please.

She flicks again and turns back to Hedwig.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)
 I'm waiting for a call from that Musical
 Gathering of Women of..uh..Music and Color,
 the...the Menses Fair. The mainstage is out,
 but if we could get on the 2nd, or even the
 3rd Stage... Tommy's headlining at the "Fucked
 Tour" the same weekend so...
 (flicks her tongue)
 Hi, who are you holding for?

Yitzhak finally finds a space for the amp in front of a
 bulletin board. He notices a posted notice:

INSERT:

NATIONAL CASTING CALL

RENT

BROADWAY CRUISES TOUR OF U.S. POLYNESIA AND GUAM

Seeking the following roles:

Mark - young, edgy, blond aspiring
 filmmaker

Collins - young, edgy, black aspiring
 musician

WE ARRIVE AT:

Angel - young, edgy, Puerto Rican
 drag queen (must be
 comfortable with drums)

Yitzhak's EYES WIDEN. He, and we, hear far-away APPLAUSE.
 We cut to Yitzhak's flashback...

33

INT. BACKSTAGE AT A CROATIAN CABARET SPACE, A FEW YEARS
EARLIER - NIGHT

33

Hedwig and Yitzhak, who is wearing full Barbra Streisand drag, stand in the wings of a tacky little Eastern European nightclub stage. Onstage, an ACCOMPANIST is noodling on an electric piano. Hedwig and Yitzhak are trying to ignore each other as they prepare to go on for their respective performances. Yitzhak can't hide the fact that he is slightly intimidated by Hedwig. The nightclub's unseen ANNOUNCER is speaking over a P.A.

NIGHTCLUB ANNOUNCER

...(a Serbo-Croatian intro, then:)...Ladies
and Gentlemen, I give you Crystal Nacht!

Yitzhak strides out onto the stage to a cheesy synthesized piano intro and huge applause. She strikes a Barbra pose.

YITZHAK

(speaking)

Papa, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

34

INT. CABARET, AN HOUR LATER - NIGHT

34

Hedwig watches with some jealousy as Yitzhak bows to MASSIVE APPLAUSE. The announcer begins a new introduction.

NIGHTCLUB ANNOUNCER

(nearly drowned out by the
cheers)

...Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Hedwig!

The applause doesn't stop and Yitzhak keeps bowing.

NIGHTCLUB ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

(again, struggling to be heard)

...HEDWIG, ladies and Gentlemen!

Flowers are thrown at Yitzhak's feet.

35

INT. CABARET STAGE DOOR, A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER - NIGHT

35

Hedwig, out of her show costume and carrying two bags, is on her way out the stage door when Yitzhak accosts her.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

YITZHAK

Take me with you. Please.

Hedwig is silent for a satisfied moment.

She looks up at Yitzhak's wig and seems to communicate something silently to him. Yitzhak receives the message with shock. He makes a painful decision. He removes his wig, throws it away, wipes off his lipstick and kisses Hedwig full on the lips--like a kiss of death, except it feels like his own. Hedwig smiles slightly. She hands Yitzhak her bags and walks out the stage door. Yitzhak follows numbly. Camera settles on Yitzhak's wig crumpled on the hallway floor.

BACK TO:

36 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

36

Yitzhak returns from her flashback and looks over at Hedwig and Phyllis. They are not looking in his direction. Yitzhak looks back to the poster. Very quietly and covertly, he takes down the poster, hides it under his shirt, and moves to a payphone which he finds is out of order. Phyllis finishes up her most recent call.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Listen, I'm getting another call, I should let you go...No, I should let you go...I'm letting you go.

She flicks her tongue. Yitzhak is suddenly there.

YITZHAK

Phyllis, may I use your phone?

PHYLLIS

Uh...

Hedwig drops a sock. Phyllis bends to pick it up. As she does, the large HOUSEWIFE opens a drier door and clocks her in the head.

We suddenly hear the BLARING SIGNAL of a phone off the hook.

PHYLLIS

(clutches her ear)

The phone is off the hook! The phone is off the hook!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
(frantically flicking her
tongue)

I can't hang up! I can't hang up!

The signal stops suddenly and Phyllis freezes as if stunned...or listening. Then she lets out a scream.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)
We got Menses!

CUT TO:

37

37

EXT. MENSES FAIR, PITTSBURGH - DAY

(Scene reduced)

WIDE SHOT: On a tiny platform in the middle of an empty field, Hedwig et al. are performing in hot midday sun to a single audience member, a young willowy-looking GOTH BOY in black lipstick. Phyllis is conspicuously absent. An ethereal female FOLK SONG can be heard from the huge mainstage performance nearby.

Next to the platform a sign is posted on a Port-a-Potty:

MENSES FAIR

Below this is a torn sheet of paper with the scrawled words:

Ninth Stage

A WHITE PLASTIC BAG suddenly blows onto the stage like a tumbleweed. It attracts the eyes of the Goth Boy. Then the band notices it and start to watch it move slowly across their feet. Finally Hedwig is forced to follow its tortuous path across the entire stage til it finally falls off.

A HUGE CHEER suddenly rises from the mainstage area. Everyone turns their head towards the sound. Another folky song begins Hedwig approaches the GOTH BOY.

He is pimply and scared, but mesmerized.

Hedwig sits down on the stage in front of him and speaks to him through her mike.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)
One day, in the late mid eighties...I was in
my early late twenties.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

I had just been dismissed from University after delivering a brilliant lecture on the aggressive influence of German philosophy on rock and roll entitled: "You, Kant, Always Get What You Want."

The boy doesn't react.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

At 26, my academic career was over...

The boy smiles.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

...I had never kissed a boy...

The boy drops his eyes.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

...and I was still sleeping with Mom.

Fear in the boy's eyes. Hedwig pats a spot on the stage next to her. He hesitates, then sits.

HEDWIG (CONT'D)

The search for my other half on this side of the wall had proved futile. Might he be found on the other? But how to get over? People died trying. Such were the thoughts flooding my tiny head on the day that I was sunning myself in an old bomb crater I had discovered near the wall.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. BERLIN WALL - TEN YEARS EARLIER - DAY

38

A naked 26-year-old HANSEL suns himself on a shattered stone slab by the Berlin Wall. He is played by the same actor playing Hedwig, but out of drag. The shot is resonant of the projected Berlin Wall sequence from Tear Me Down.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

I am naked, face down, on a piece of broken church...

CLOSE SHOT of Hansel's nose sniffing.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

...inhaling a fragrant westerly breeze.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SHOT of a drawing of the wall with shiny GOLDEN ARCHES peeking over the top.

HANSEL

(an aside to camera)

My God, I deserve a break today.

39 EXT. MENSES FAIR, PITTSBURGH - DAY

39

Close on the Goth Boy's face as he smiles.

HEDWIG (O.S.)

All I ever get is the Unhappy Meal.

The Goth Boy giggles.

40 EXT. BERLIN WALL

40

A SHOT of Hansel's naked ass. SNAP ZOOM to a patch of SUNLIT SKIN. The skin is suddenly engulfed in shadow. ZOOM closer to the skin: Goosepimples sprout. Hansel shivers and looks over his shoulder.

Hansel's ass: the shadow of profile of a face rests on it. Hansel looks up and sees...

...a magnificent young black G.I., LUTHER ROBINSON, eclipsing the sun in a crisp khaki uniform.

LUTHER

(in a Barry White purr)

Girl, I sure don't mean to annoy you. My name is Corporal Luther Robinson.

Hansel shifts his hips so that Luther can see the front of him.

HANSEL

My name is Hansel.

HEDWIG (V.O.)

Luther is silent for a moment as he stares at my...little bishop in a turtleneck.

Luther stares in shock at what is resting between Hansel's legs...a black and white drawing of a LITTLE BISHOP wearing a turtleneck that is pulled up over his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Hansel. Well. You must like candy.

CLOSE SHOT of Hansel's nipple as it hardens.

HANSEL

I like Gummi Baerchen.

SHOT of Luther's hand holding a colorful, plastic PACKET OF GUMMY BEARS emblazoned with American words: "New!" "Improved!" "Cholesterol-free!"

HANSEL (CONT'D)

(trying to pronounce in an
American accent)

Gummy Bears?

INSERT: Hansel's fingers enter the bag and produce a single CLEAR GLEAMING BEAR.

He puts the bear onto his tongue. Through his open mouth, we see it being chewed.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

The taste is completely different from a gummi bear, yet somehow familiar. It is much sweeter than a gummi bear and softer, too.

We see its little gummy body stretching on the rack of his molars.

HANSEL

Wow, I feel so optimistic. What is that flavor?

Luther extends his massive hand, overflowing with bears. Hansel's hand grabs a bunch. The PUPILS of Luther's eyes contract dramatically.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

His eyes are heavy with an unfamiliar desire. Could it be a desire to please? Me?

CLOSE on Hansel's eye widening.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

I suddenly recognize the flavor in my mouth. It's the taste of power. Not bad.

Luther's lips and mustache.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Damn, Hansel, I can't believe you're not a girl, you so fine. Why don't you take the whole bag?

He grins.

HEDWIG (V.O.)

He searches my face for news of his fate. His expression is echoed in scores of tiny faces...

BEAR FACES are crowded behind plastic. We pan, zoom and rack focus to different faces.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

...pressing against clear plastic. Panting faces of every imaginable color, creed, and non-Aryan origin...

A MIST begins to form on the plastic over the gummy faces.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

...fogging up the bag like the windows of a Polish bathhouse.

The mist has completely obscured the plastic.

HANSEL

It's only a shower. Absolute power.

The bag falls to the ground. Hansel's hand slaps his own face and pushes Luther away.

SHOT of Hansel's feet running through the rubble.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

I stumble naked through the ruins, back towards blander, less complicated confections...

CLOSEUP of a packet of drably colored, sad-faced East German GUMMI BAERCHEN.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

...leaving in my wake a trail of rainbow carnage.

A TRAIL OF MANGLED GUMMY BEARS cuts a colorful line across the gray ruins.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

Next day, Hansel follows the trail back...

41 EXT. BERLIN WALL, NEXT DAY - DAY

41

Morning light, we follow Hansel's SHOD FEET as he follows the trail of bears. The trail leads him successively to:

...a MILKY WAY...

...a ROLL OF NECCO WAFERS...

...some POP ROCKS...

...and, lying on Hansel's sunbathing slab, a grinning LUTHER, twisted into a gigantic red and yellow candy wrapper labelled:

"Giant-Size Sugar Daddy"

BACK TO:

42 EXT. MENSES FAIR - DAY

42

CLOSE on the Goth Boy's mouth as he SCREAMS with laughter.

SMASH TO:

43 INT. THANK GOD, IT'S FLORIDA! RESTAURANT, UPSTATE NEW YORK- DAY 43

Hedwig strikes a pose in front of a bedsheet projection of a SWASTIKA. "Deutschland Ueber Alles" blares on electric guitar.

We widen to find that they are performing in a Jewish-retiree-in-Florida-themed restaurant in the usual layout. The decor is sun and fun and Yiddishy tchotchkes. Yarmulkes and Star of David necklaces adorn many of the senior citizens sitting stone-faced at their tables. Hedwig is suddenly struck by the unfortunate choice of venue.

In the back of the room, Phyllis' face is in her hands.

A country-flavored guitar vamp begins. Hedwig lurches into a plucky rendition of Sugar Daddy.

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG

(singing)

I'VE GOT A SWEET TOOTH
FOR LICORICE DROPS AND JELLY ROLL.
HEY, SUGAR DADDY
HANSEL NEEDS SOME SUGAR IN HIS BOWL
I'LL LAY OUT FINE CHINA ON THE LINEN
AND POLISH UP THE CHROME
AND IF YOU GOT SOME SUGAR FOR ME
SUGAR DADDY, BRING IT HOME.

BLACK STRAP MOLASSES
YOU'RE MY ORANGE BLOSSOM HONEY BEAR.
BRING ME VERSACE BLUE JEANS
AND BLACK DESIGNER UNDERWEAR
LET'S DRESS UP LIKE THE DISCO DANCING JET
SET
IN MILAN AND ROME
AND IF YOU GOT SOME SUGAR FOR ME
SUGAR DADDY, BRING IT HOME

OH, THE THRILL OF CONTROL
LIKE THE RUSH OF ROCK AND ROLL
IS THE SWEETEST TASTE I'VE KNOWN
SO COME ON, SUGAR DADDY, BRING IT HOME

(speaking)

Looks like we got some sugar daddies in
the house tonight.

The audience remains stunned. Hedwig works the room
valiantly.

YITZHAK AND SKSZP
WHEN HONEY BEES GO SHOPPING
IT'S SOMETHING TO BE SEEN.

She accosts an OLD MAN.

HEDWIG

You could give me a cavity, honey.

YITZHAK AND SKSZP
THEY SWARM TO WILDFLOWERS
AND GET NECTAR FOR THE QUEEN.

She approaches another BLANK-FACED CODGER.

HEDWIG

And you could fill that cavity, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG, YITZHAK AND SKSZP
AND EVERYTHING YOU BRING ME GETS ME
DRIPPING LIKE A HONEYCOMB.

She stands up on the arms of his chair, straddling him and
polishes his bald head with the suede fringe of her dress.

HEDWIG
It's a car wash, ladies and gentlemen!
(singing)
AND IF YOU GOT SOME SUGAR FOR ME
SUGAR DADDY, BRING IT HOME

OH THE THRILL OF CONTROL
LIKE A BLITZKRIEG ON THE ROLL
IS THE SWEETEST TASTE I'VE KNOWN
SO IF YOU GOT SOME SUGAR, BRING IT HOME
OH COME ON, SUGAR DADDY, BRING IT HOME!

WHISKEY AND FRENCH CIGARETTES
A MOTORBIKE WITH HIGH SPEED JETS
A WATERPIK, A CUISINART
AND A HYPO-ALLERGENIC DOG
I WANT ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE MODERN AGE
AND EVERY ITEM ON EVERY PAGE
IN THE LILIAN VERNON CATALOGUE

SKSZP
(as Luther)
BABY, SUMPIN'S CROSSED MY MIND
AND I WAS THINKIN YOU'D LOOK SO FINE
IN A VELVET DRESS WITH HEELS
AND AN ERMINE STOLE.

HEDWIG
OH, LUTHER, DARLING, HEAVEN KNOWS
I'VE NEVER PUT ON WOMEN'S CLOTHES.
EXCEPT FOR ONCE MY MOTHER'S CAMISOLE.

SO YOU THINK ONLY A WOMAN
CAN TRULY LOVE A MAN
THEN YOU BUY ME THE DRESS,
I'LL BE MORE WOMAN
THAN A MAN LIKE YOU CAN STAND
I'LL BE YOUR VENUS ON A CHOCOLATE CLAM
SHELL
RISING ON A SEA OF MARSHMALLOW FOAM
AND IF YOU GOT SOME SUGAR FOR ME
SUGAR DADDY, BRING IT HOME
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)

IT'S OUR TRADITION TO CONTROL
LIKE ERICH HONECKER AND HELMUT KOHL.
FROM THE UKRAINE TO THE RHONE
SWEET HOME UEBER ALLES
LORD, I'M COMING HOME!
SO COME ON, SUGAR DADDY, BRING ME HOME!

Big finish with PROJECTIONS and AMERICAN FLAG.

The audience remains frozen. Hedwig's smile is a rictus.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

It wasn't a traditional wedding. For
example, when Luther popped the question,
I was on my knees.

The crowd EXPLODES WITH LAUGHTER. Everyone on stage is
startled. Hedwig signals Yitzhak and mouths "get the coat!"

HEDWIG (cont'd)

The pelt, you like? Some shiksa stopped
me on the way in. (Midwestern accent)
"What poor unfortunate creature had to die
for you to wear that?" "My Aunt Trudi,"
I replied.

She's slaying them. Phyllis is laughing hysterically.
Yitzhak is disgusted. He puts on his headphones.

CUT TO:

44 INT. HOTEL BROOM CLOSET - DAY

44

Hedwig and Phyllis are standing in a broom closet wearing
hotel employee uniforms complete with gold epaulets.
Phyllis, holding a camera, is peeking out the closet door. A
Tommy song plays somewhere.

PHYLLIS

He's here.

Through the door, we can see a GROUP OF ROCK AND ROLL TYPES
standing in a hallway waiting for an elevator. Among them is
Tommy, looking disoriented.

Hedwig strides out of the closet into the hallway. Phyllis
follows with the camera.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HOTEL BACK ENTRANCE, A FEW MINUTES LATER - DAY

45

Phyllis and Hedwig are forcibly ejected into an alley by TWO SECURITY PEOPLE wearing uniforms similar to Hedwig's and Phyllis'.

PHYLLIS

(screaming)

I could have your job!

They stand humiliated among the trash cans.

46 EXT. MOTEL #3 - DAY

46

WIDE SHOT: A ground-floor row of cheap motel rooms. We can see Hedwig and Phyllis strategizing inside one of the rooms. Outside the room, Yitzhak, wearing headphones, practices for his Rent audition. Silently mouthing words, he sketches out his choreography which incorporates some drumming. At one point, he leaps dramatically onto an amp. At the same moment...

...Phyllis steps out of the motel room onto the balcony.

Yitzhak freezes. They regard each other for a moment. Phyllis notices a bag at her feet and picks it up. She pulls one of Hedwig's wigs out of it. And then the "Rent" audition poster. Horrified, she looks back towards the motel room containing Hedwig. Yitzhak tears the wig and poster out of her hands and runs away. Phyllis watches him go in consternation.

CUT TO:

47 INT. THANK GOD IT'S FLORENCE! RESTAURANT, NEW JERSEY -
EVENING

47

The usual room is decked out in "Italian Renaissance" decor and has a larger than usual number of happy customers eating turkey legs. Waiters bustle about in Florentine garb. Hedwig & the band are onstage. The audience includes a lot of foam-bewigged Hedheads, including new members: the Menses Fair Goth Boy and the Catskills "car wash" victim. Yitzhak is on his headphones.

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG

I invited Luther home for dinner. After dessert he produces a ring, an application for a American citizenship and a wig.

(as Hansel)

He loves me, Mother...

48 INT. EAST BERLIN APT. KITCHEN - EVENING

48

Mom, Luther and Hansel are finishing dinner. Hansel continues speaking.

HANSEL

...he wants to marry me and get me the hell out of here.

Hansel dons a hideously braided beige wig.

HANSEL

Mother, is this so crazy it just might work?

On the wall MOM's frozen face is framed in a mirror which is flanked by framed photographs of Mom in similar positions.

HEDWIG (V.O. CONT'D)

After what seemed like a lifetime--probably hers...

MOM

Get my passport and my camera, Hansel. I know a certain party.

HANSEL, now framed in the mirror, looks at camera:

HANSEL

(in an aside to us)

Yes, the party she'd be having after I left in her very own one-bedroom.

MOM

It's a simple cut and paste job. We change the photo and you can use my name, Hedwig Schmidt.

LUTHER

Not so simple, ladies.

(to Hansel)

Baby, you know I love you. I'm always thinkin' of you. But I got to marry you here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER (cont'd)

In East Berlin. And that means a full physical examination.

HANSEL

Why, they'll see right away--

LUTHER

Baby, to walk away, you gotta leave something behind. Am I right, Mrs. Schmidt?

Mom now has a camera.

MOM

I've always thought so, Luther. Hansel, to be free, one must give up a little part of oneself.

(holding camera up)

Don't move!

A FLASH illuminates Hansel's wide eyes and we are...

BACK TO:

49 INT. THANK GOD IT'S FLORENCE

49

The band kicks into The Angry Inch. The general audience is startled. The Hedheads are in punk rock heaven.

HEDWIG

MY SEX CHANGE OPERATION GOT BOTCHED

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL FELL ASLEEP ON THE
WATCH

NOW ALL I GOT IS A BARBIE DOLL CROTCH

I GOT AN ANGRY INCH.

SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK

I GOT A I GOT AN ANGRY INCH

SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK

I GOT A I GOT AN ANGRY INCH

- Some people get up and leave. Others are banging their heads.

- INSERT of a kitchen table where a cook's hands HACK turkey legs off a carcass in time with the beat.

- The manager is yelling at Phyllis who is pogoing happily.

- Yitzhak is preoccupied, singing his backup vocals distractedly. His headphones are around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

HEDWIG (cont'd)
 I'M FROM THE LAND WHERE YOU STILL HEAR
 THE CRIES
 I HAD TO GET OUT, HAD TO SEVER ALL TIES
 I CHANGED MY NAME AND ASSUMED A
 DISGUISE
 I GOT AN ANGRY INCH
 SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK
 I GOT A I GOT AN ANGRY INCH
 SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES
 I GOT A I GOT AN ANGRY INCH
 SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK
 THE TRAIN IS COMING AND I'M TIED TO THE
 TRACK
 I TRY TO GET UP BUT BUT I CAN'T GET NO
 SLACK
 I GOT A ANGRY INCH ANGRY INCH

INSERT: In the kitchen, the cook's hands starts to chop up a
 SAUSAGE maniacally.

The crowd grows more agitated. The manager is screaming at
 Hedwig now. She screams back at him:

HEDWIG (cont'd)
 MY MOTHER MADE MY TITS OUT OF CLAY!
 MY BOYFRIEND TOLD ME THAT HE'D TAKE ME
 AWAY
 THEY DRAGGED ME TO THE DOCTOR ONE DAY
 I'VE GOT AN ANGRY INCH
 SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK
 I GOT A I GOT AN ANGRY INCH
 SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK
 I GOT A I GOT AN ANGRY INCH

The band takes it down to a throbbing vamp. Hedwig tells a
 story. Projections accompany it.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
 LONG STORY SHORT.
 WHEN I WOKE UP FROM THE OPERATION
 I WAS BLEEDING DOWN THERE.
 I WAS BLEEDING FROM THE GASH BETWEEN MY
 LEGS.
 MY FIRST DAY AS A WOMAN
 AND ALREADY IT'S THAT TIME OF THE MONTH.
 BUT TWO DAYS LATER
 THE HOLE CLOSED UP.
 THE WOUND HEALED
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)

AND I WAS LEFT
WITH A ONE INCH MOUND OF FLESH
WHERE MY PENIS USED TO BE
WHERE MY VAGINA NEVER WAS.
A ONE INCH MOUND OF FLESH WITH A SCAR
RUNNING DOWN IT LIKE A SIDEWAYS GRIMACE
ON AN EYELESS FACE
JUST A LITTLE BULGE...

A middle-aged, powerful-looking FAT MAN in the front row stands and screams in her face.

FAT MAN

Faggot!

HEDWIG

...IT WAS AN ANGRY INCH!

Krzyzhtoff throws his guitar at the fat man. Yitzhak takes him out with a flying tackle and starts to wail on him. Screams. The FAT MAN'S WIFE leaps onto the stage and jumps up and down in hysterical glee. Families start to mosh. Turkey legs and pasta fly through the air. Someone punches the person next to them. It's a 911 situation.

Hedwig throws her head back and laughs madly.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK
THE TRAIN IS COMING AND I'M TIED TO THE
TRACK
I TRY TO GET UP BUT BUT I CAN'T GET NO
SLACK
I GOT AN ANGRY INCH ANGRY INCH

All of the band have stopped playing and are brawling now. Yitzhak grabs a fallen guitar and keeps the rhythm going. Hedwig's and his eyes meet. They smile grimly. Shoulder to shoulder, they sing into the last mike standing.

HEDWIG & YITZHAK

SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK
STAY UNDERCOVER TIL THE NIGHT TURNS TO
BLACK
I GOT AN INCH AND I'M SET TO ATTACK
I GOT AN ANGRY INCH! ANGRY INCH!

HEDWIG'S POV: The room is swaying with fights, flight and terror. No one is paying attention to her. Yitzak is blazing with his own fire.

(CONTINUED)

SLOW MOTION: Hedwig, feeling ignored, moves away from the mike, takes a running start and dives off the stage.

She's high above the crowd.

She's past the crowd.

She's out the window.

She's flying.

(The following sequence is a composite of a live-action Hedwig flying through a series of drawings.)

She flies through drawings of clouds. Drawings of objects whiz by: birds, a balloon, a rocket, a skywriting plane trailing the words:

November 9, 1988. East Berlin

Hedwig looks down and sees a drawing of the Berlin Wall.

HEDWIG'S POV (a series of drawings) - Through a large window in an ugly office building she sees an Luther in dress uniform and an Hansel wearing a bad wig with braids and wedding dress being married by a drab government functionary.

Hedwig swoops in the window, scoops up the drawing of Hansel and installs him on her back. She flies out another window and continues over the Wall. Hansel's wig and dress are ripped off his body by the wind. Together, they fly...

...over a map of Europe...

...over the Atlantic Ocean.

Hansel falls off her back and drops into the Ocean. Hedwig doesn't notice.

She flies past the Statue of Liberty and over the continental United States. A sign appears on the horizon sticking out of the Midwest:

November 9, 1989

Welcome to
Junction City, Kansas

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (4)

49

SIDE VIEW SHOT: She flies directly through the sign into a live-action environment. Hansel, being only a drawing, cannot enter the real world and bounces off the sign.

50 INT. MOBILE HOME, JUNCTION CITY - DAY

50

Hedwig falls heavily into a Lay-Z-Boy recliner in front of a television in the living room of a one-room mobile home. She is now wearing the braided wig and holding a TV remote.

Luther stands in the doorway, one hand on the knob, the other holding the hand of a cute, bimboish GIRLYBOY standing outside on the stoop holding a suitcase. Luther shrugs at Hedwig, grins, waves goodbye and slams the door behind him.

Hedwig, in shock, looks over at the -

- television screen, which is flashing NEWS IMAGES OF THE BERLIN WALL COMING DOWN (some of which we saw projected during Tear Me Down).

HEDWIG'S FACE: the dawn of horror. She turns off the TV with the remote. She looks at the table next to her at -

- a framed SNAPSHOT of Mother, wearing a floppy hat and a grim expression, lying on a chaise on a beach with a fruity drink in her hand. Printed across the bottom: "Greetings from Sunny Yugoslavia!"

Hedwig throws the photo across the room. From the same table she picks up -

- a FRAMED PHOTO of Luther biting into a hot dog.

She flings it across the room.

It hits a shelf and upends a FLOWER ARRANGEMENT and a CARD that reads: "Happy Anniversary! All my love, Luther"

She staggers into the kitchen area and suddenly catches herself in a MIRROR. Her reflection fills her with disgust. She snatches up an ELECTRIC CARVING KNIFE, saws the braids off and hurls them away.

They hit the same shelf and knock a BERIBBONED GIFT BOX onto its side.

(CONTINUED)

The braids lie partially unravelled on the shag carpet like two beige explosions of alarmed acrylic. Hedwig hurls herself onto her sofa/bed.

Lights soften. The mournful piano intro of Wig in a Box begins.

HEDWIG

(sings)

ON NIGHTS
LIKE THIS
WHEN THE WORLD'S A BIT AMISS
AND THE LIGHTS GO DOWN
ACROSS THE TRAILER PARK
I GET DOWN
I FEEL HAD
I FEEL ON THE VERGE OF GOING MAD
AND THEN ITS TIME TO PUNCH THE CLOCK

She goes to the bathroom mirror.

THROUGH THE BATHROOM WINDOW we see Skszp out in the yard accompanying her on piano.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

I PUT ON SOME MAKEUP
AND TURN ON THE TAPE DECK
AND PULL THE WIG BACK ON MY HEAD.
SUDDENLY I'M MISS MIDWEST
MIDNIGHT CHECKOUT QUEEN
UNTIL I HEAD HOME
AND I PUT MYSELF TO BED

THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW, we see Krzyzhtoff playing a guitar phrase.

Hedwig lies down with a drink.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

I LOOK BACK ON WHERE I'M FROM
LOOK AT THE WOMAN I'VE BECOME
AND THE STRANGEST THINGS
SEEM SUDDENLY ROUTINE.
I LOOK UP FROM MY VERMOUTH ON THE ROCKS

She notices the upended gift box on the shelf. A single brilliant PLATINUM TRESS has spilled out of the top.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

HEDWIG (cont'd)
A GIFTWRAPPED WIG STILL IN THE BOX
OF TOWERING VELVETINE.
I PUT ON SOME MAKEUP
AND SOME LAVERN BAKER
AND PULL THE WIG DOWN FROM THE SHELF

She opens the box and finds a fabulous BOUFFANT WIG. She
dons it over the remnants of her first wig.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
SUDDENLY I'M MISS BEEHIVE 1963
UNTIL I WAKE UP AND I TURN BACK TO MYSELF

Hedwig hears a knock, quickly removes the wig and opens the
door.

YITZHAK is on the stoop holding a platter and wearing a
chef's hat and an apron with "The Happy Cooker" written on
it. On the platter is a fabulous FARRAH FAWCETT-STYLE WIG
perched on a styrofoam head. Yitzhak grins hugely and begins
to sing backup. Hedwig takes the wighead and considers it as
Hamlet considered Yorick. Meanwhile, the members of the Angry
Inch enter the trailer playing their instruments (Schlatko
has a child-sized drum kit attached to his body).

HEDWIG (cont'd)
SOME GIRLS THEY HAVE NATURAL EASE
THEY WEAR IT ANY WAY THEY PLEASE
WITH THEIR FRENCH FLIP CURLS
AND PERFUMED MAGAZINES

Yitzhak throws off the chef's hat, grabs the bouffant wig,
dons it and sings Aretha-style.

YITZHAK
WEAR IT UP!
LET IT DOOOOWN!

Hedwig snatches the bouffant off his head and puts the Farrah
wig on her own head.

HEDWIG
THIS IS THE BEST WAY THAT I'VE FOUND
TO BE THE BEST YOU'VE EVER SEEN

Hedwig does the following as she sings:

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)
I PUT ON SOME MAKEUP
AND TURN UP THE EIGHT-TRACK
I'M PULLING THE WIG DOWN FROM THE SHELF
SUDDENLY I'M MISS FARRAH FAWCETT FROM TV!

She looks in a LIGHT-UP MAKEUP MIRROR.

CLOSEUP of Hedwig's face in the mirror.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
UNTIL I WAKE UP
AND I TURN BACK TO MYSELF.

A series of WIG DRAWINGS of various styles successively superimpose themselves onto Hedwig's head as she sings about them (ala the Rolling Stones' Some Girls album cover).

HEDWIG (cont'd)
SHAG
BILEVEL
BOB
DOROTHY HAMILLE DO
SAUSAGE CURLS
CHICKEN WINGS
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!

Band members' heads appear in the mirror and wigs appear on their heads, too, as they sing:

BAND AND HEDWIG
WITH YOUR BLOW-DRIED
FEATHER BACK
TONI HOME WAVE, TOO
FLIP
FRO
FRIZZ
FLOP

54

54

Luther's smiling head appears in the mirror with a wig on it.

LUTHER
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!

Hedwig's Mom angry head with another wig.

MOM
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

50

Six-year-old Hansel (his head horizontal as if lying in the oven) wearing a another wig.

HANSEL
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!

OVERHEAD SHOT (the trailer's roof is gone): Hedwig and the band look up at camera.

HEDWIG
Now, it's your turn.

The lyrics of the chorus scroll into frame. An DRAWING OF A WIG bounces on each word as everyone sings:

HEDWIG & THE BAND
I PUT ON SOME MAKEUP
AND TURN UP THE EIGHT TRACK.
I'M PULLING THE WIG DOWN FROM THE SHELF!

56 EXT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

56

On a huge power chord, the walls of the trailer fall blow out and crash to the ground to reveal Hedwig and the band wearing the most fabulous punk rock wigs and costumes ever.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
SUDDENLY I'M THIS PUNK ROCK STAR
OF STAGE AND SCREEN
AND I AIN'T NEVER...
I'M NEVER TURNING BACK!

CRANE SHOT: We pull up and away from the band as they rock out on the remnants of the trailer. We hear HUGE APPLAUSE. Camera suddenly begins to rapidly plummet towards them. We're about to hit the trailer when we...

CUT BACK TO:

57 INT. TGI-FLORENCE! RESTAURANT

57

Hedwig hits the floor hard, completing the course of her long stagedive. The applause cuts out.

We widen. Hedwig's prone body is surrounded by stunned customers standing motionless in the debris of the earlier melee.

CUT TO:

58 INT. HIGHWAY REST STOP, LADIES' ROOM, NEXT DAY - DAY

58

TWO CONSERVATIVE-LOOKING are checking their makeup as we hear someone PEEING in one of the stalls. The women can't help but notice the unusually loud volume of the peeing. The sound stops, a final SQUIRT and a FLUSHING SOUND. Then we hear the SOUND OF A TOILET SEAT BEING KICKED DOWN. The women are alarmed.

Phyllis suddenly enters.

PHYLLIS

Honey, he's here.

Hedwig bursts of the stall and exits the ladies room with Phyllis close behind.

59 EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP - CONTINUOUS

59

Hedwig marches out of the ladies' room towards Yitzhak who is talking furtively on a pay phone. Yitzhak sees Hedwig and quickly hangs up. Hedwig brushes past him and approaches a huge tour bus in the parking lot. She walks right up to the door like Gena Rowlands in Gloria. A burly BODYGUARD blocks her way.

BODYGUARD

Can I help--?

She kneecaps him. He goes down. She enters the bus.

60 INT. TOMMY'S TOUR BUS, CONTINUOUS - DAY

60

Tommy and his Publicist look up at Hedwig from luxurious armchairs. Tommy runs to the back of the bus. The Publicist tries to block her way.

PUBLICIST

What do you want?

HEDWIG

He knows.

PUBLICIST

He doesn't know you!

HEDWIG

He knows me!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

She slams the Publicist against a wall and strides into the next room. Tommy cowers behind a leather loveseat.

TOMMY

I don't know you! I don't know you!

HEDWIG

You know me!

TWO BODYGUARDS are in the bus and on her.

TOMMY

I DON'T KNOW HER! I NEVER KNEW HER!

HEDWIG (cont'd)

YOU KNEW ME, MOTHERFUCKER! YOU KNOW ME!
YOU WILL ALWAYS KNOW ME!

They drag her, kicking and screaming, out of the bus.

61 EXT. TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

61

They throw her onto the pavement. Phyllis and the band are there to help her. Schlacko lunges at a bodyguard but the bus door closes in his face. The bus takes off, leaving them in its dust. Bystanders gape.

62 EXT. REST STOP, A FEW HOURS LATER - DUSK

62

Hedwig and the band are performing in the parking lot of the rest stop to a handful of enthusiastic highway travelers. The show is complete with tiny p.a. system and bedsheet projections. Hedwig screams into the evening sky.

HEDWIG

TOMMY! CAN YOU HEAR ME? FROM THIS
MILKLESS TIT YOU SUCKED THE VERY BUSINESS
WE CALL SHOW!

The audience cheers.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

Okay. You want to know about Tommy
Gnosis?

AUDIENCE

(shouting)

Yes!

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG

You want to know about Tommy Gnosis?

AUDIENCE

YES!

HEDWIG

I'll tell you about Tommy Gnosis.

(to Yitzhak re: the fur coat)

Get this dead thing off me.

Audience whoops.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

After my divorce, I scraped by with babysitting gigs and odd jobs. Mostly the jobs we call blow. I had lost my job at the base PX. And I had lost my gag reflex. You do the math. I sat for the baby of General Speck, Commander of the nearby Army Fort. His other son was the artist formerly known as my buttboy.

Bedsheet projection of a drawing of TOMMY with a CHRISTIAN FISH SYMBOL on his t-shirt (like the one we saw her drawing in the first motel scene).

HEDWIG (cont'd)

Yes, Tommy Speck. Tommy was a 17-year-old, four-eyed, pock-marked, Dungeons-and-Dragons-obsessed Jesus freak with a fish on his truck and I found him incredibly hot.

CUT TO:

63 INT. TOMMY'S BATHROOM - EVENING

63

The cartoon becomes real. TOMMY is lying in a bath with the water running. The cartoon Christian fish swims away. A gentle Tommy song plays (The Water Song).

A SHOT of Tommy's hand "jerking off" (strangling a drawing of the red-faced BISHOP IN A TURTLENECK that is standing between Tommy's legs).

Back to TOMMY'S FACE: The water starts to churn and rush faster past his face as he jerks off. Drawn objects start to float by (in the style of the Berlin Wall sequence): a CELTIC CROSS, a Frazetta-style WARRIOR WOMAN holding a battle-

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

ax, a tiny naked SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC, the same GLAM ROCK STAR who floated by in the prologue, etc. He pumps away as he watches the objects drift past his face.

We see that the bathroom door is wide open, revealing the hallway beyond. Hedwig suddenly passes. She reappears in the doorway and looks at him in the bath. Tommy sees her and quickly closes his eyes. She smiles, steps into the bathroom and reaches a hand into the bath.

CLOSE SHOT OF TOMMY'S FACE: The water starts to become even more agitated as she beats him off. His eyes remain closed as his hands drift up towards his face. The bath is becoming a white water river.

He comes. The water subsides. The BISHOP, newly deceased (with X's for eyes), floats past his face. Then a BUSINESS CARD falls into the water and gets stuck on the island of Tommy's nose. He opens his eyes.

WE WIDEN: He's alone in the bathroom. He looks at the business card, it reads:

HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH
Rock Band

Available for all Occasions

BACK TO:

64 EXT. REST STOP

64

The audience is rapt.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

I had recently returned to my first love of music. I had tried singing once back in Berlin. They threw tomatoes. After the show, I had a nice salad. But newly motivated, I bought a cheap electric piano.

Skszp plays a smarmy phrase from a popular song.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

That song was built in, it was so cheap.

CUT TO:

65 INT. DR. EXPRESSO'S COFFEE BAR - EVENING

65

A sterile franchise coffee bar (same layout as TGI-restaurants). Under florescent lights, Hedwig is finishing a lame cover of some early 90's hit to a sparse crowd.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)

And I found a couple of Korean sargeants' wives who churned out a mean rhythm section.

Three tiny KOREAN WOMEN clatter on a child's drum set and bass.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)

That night at Dr. Espresso's Seattle-Style Coffee Enema Bar, the audience was small but hostile.

The audience is mostly made up of a few YOUNG G.I.'S and their TRASHY DATES. The song ends.

HEDWIG

Thank you. Both of you. That was by Kurt Cobain. That kid's got a future. How about Kwahng Yi on guitar? Give it up! Kwahng Yi!

KWAHNG YI performs a bass solo.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

Give it up, Kwahng.

Kwahng stops. The piano intro to Wicked Little Town begins.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

I'd like to take it down a little. This is the first song I have ever written. And it's written for a guy to sing. Now, I know a lot of you guys out there tonight a lot better than some of you'd like to admit...

(there are whistles from the audience)

...so if any of you want this song, you better put in a bid soon, cause we're talking to Phil Collins' people.

Kwahng nods hopefully.

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)
But then, aren't we all?
(she sings)
YOU KNOW THE SUN IS IN YOUR EYES
AND HURRICANES AND RAINS
AND BLACK AND CLOUDY SKIES
YOU'RE RUNNING UP AND DOWN THAT HILL
YOU TURN IT ON AND OFF AT WILL
THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO THRILL
OR BRING YOU DOWN

We push and pan through the audience, settling on faces of her old johns and boyfriends. They are shy, smug, leering, nervous. Their dates are confused.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
AND IF YOU GOT NO OTHER CHOICE
YOU KNOW YOU CAN FOLLOW MY VOICE
THROUGH THE DARK TURNS AND NOISE
OF THIS WICKED LITTLE TOWN.
OH LADY, LUCK HAS LED YOU HERE
AND THEY'RE SO TWISTED UP
THEY'LL TWIST YOU UP I FEAR

Hedwig seems to be singing to one person in the audience. Each face we find seems to think he is the one and reacts appropriately.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
THE PIOUS, HATEFUL AND DEVOUT
YOU'RE TURNING TRICKS TIL YOU'RE TURNED
OUT
THE WIND SO COLD IT BURNS
YOU'RE BURNING OUT AND BLOWING ROUND
AND IF YOU GOT NO OTHER CHOICE
YOU KNOW YOU CAN FOLLOW MY VOICE
THROUGH THE DARK TURNS AND NOISE
OF THIS WICKED LITTLE TOWN.

A couple of people look over their shoulders in the direction of Hedwig's gaze.

We find TOMMY hiding in a corner near the Sweet and Low area. His face is a sculpture of shock and emotion.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
THE FATES ARE VICIOUS AND THEY'RE CRUEL
YOU LEARN TOO LATE YOU'VE USED TWO
WISHES

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

HEDWIG (cont'd)

LIKE A FOOL
AND THEN YOU'RE SOMEONE YOU ARE NOT
AND JUNCTION CITY AIN'T THE SPOT
REMEMBER MRS. LOT
AND WHEN SHE TURNED AROUND
AND IF YOU GOT NO OTHER CHOICE
YOU KNOW YOU CAN FOLLOW MY VOICE
THROUGH THE DARK TURNS AND NOISE
OF THIS WICKED LITTLE TOWN.

On the final chord, Hedwig throws a towel, with which she has been dabbing her face, into the audience. It falls into Tommy's hands. He looks down at it.

INSERT: the IMAGE OF HEDWIG'S FACE is etched in multi-colored glitter on the towel. It's the Shroud of Hedwig.

66 (SCENE DELETED)

66

67 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE, ATTIC BEDROOM, THE NEXT DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

67

Hedwig and Tommy, holding his electric guitar, stand facing each other in his huge attic bedroom.

TOMMY

Your show... That song... My dad...gave
me this guitar to apologize for being a
pathetic little dictator...

Tommy starts to play and sing snatches of "Horse with No Name" by America and "The Sex Song" by Berlin.

HEDWIG (V.O.)

He sang me songs.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Classics.

HEDWIG (V.O.)

The bands were new to me: Boston, Kansas,
America, Europe, Asia...

She puts her hand on his strings.

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG
Travel exhausts me.

TOMMY
Where are you from, Hedwig?

HEDWIG (V.O.)
I told him the whole story, stopping just short of the exact measurement.

The SOUND OF A BOMB DROPPING can be heard over a lap dissolve of her telling her long story. Tommy seems shell-shocked by the information.

Camera captures his frozen face in a SQUARE, FRAMELESS MIRROR in the vicinity of, and resembling, a number of prog rock vinyl album covers from the 70's.

TOMMY
Have you accepted Jesus Christ, the Son of God, as your personal savior?

HEDWIG
I am aware of Our Lord. And I love his work.

TOMMY
You know, what he saved us from was his fucking father. I mean what kind of God creates Adam in his image, pulls Eve out of him to keep him company, and then tells them not to eat from the Tree of Knowledge? I mean he was so micromanaging. So was Adam. But Eve. Eve just wanted to know shit. She took a bite of the apple and found out what was good and what was evil. And she gave it to Adam so he would know. Because they were in love. And that was good...they now knew. Hedwig, will you give me the apple?

Hedwig is moved.

TIGHT on details of Tommy's face. His lips, his eyes, his ears. Then another EYE.

HEDWIG (V.O.)
The words spilling from those lips... And his eyes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

HEDWIG (V.O.) (cont'd)
 His irises were clear cylinders of
 surprising depth. And emptiness. Only a
 few puddles of bluish pain sloshed around
 inside. Same blue as my eyes.

We zoom out from the final eye to find it is Hedwig's
 startled one.

Tommy is holding her tight, head buried in her neck. We hear
 chords from The Origin of Love. After a bewildered pause,
 she puts her arms around him.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

68 INT. 70'S-STYLE CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

68

Tommy, flanked by two other TEENS, sings into a mike in the
 choir area. All three are pounding away on acoustic guitars.

HEDWIG (V.O.)
 At the time, Tommy's performance options
 were limited.

TOMMY AND TEENS [& CONGREGATION (O.S.)]
 (singing)
 I don't know how to love him.
 What to do, how to move him.
 He's just a man.
 He's just a man.
 And I've had so many men before
 In very many ways.
 He's just one more..

HEDWIG (V.O.)
 I initiated a six month curriculum of rock
 history, lyrics, grooming and vocal
 training.

69 INT. TOMMY'S KITCHEN - DAY

69

Tommy sings with his head in an oven. Hedwig coaches him as
 she pours blood-red marinara sauce onto pasta.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)
 For his graduation present, I gave him his
 name...

CLOSE on a piece of paper on a table:

(CONTINUED)

*TOMMY-CYBER**SZYZGY**GNOSIS*

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)
...Tommy Gnosis. The Greek word for
knowledge.

70 EXT. SUBURBAN PARK - DAY

70

They are sitting under an APPLE TREE. Tommy plays the
guitar. They sing together (MOS?).

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)
We collaborated.

Hedwig offers him an apple. We PAN to him: he is already
biting into his own.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)
Songs exploded out of us.

71 INT. DR. EXPRESSO'S SEATTLE STYLE COFFEE BAR - EVENING

71

They are performing onstage. Tommy sings back-up.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)
Teenage girls started showing up.

- We hear HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEKS. Startled, Hedwig drops the
mike and pulls a switchblade from her wig. Tommy grins at
the audience.

72 INT. DR. EXPRESSO'S SEATTLE STYLE COFFEE BAR - WEEKS LATER

72

Hedwig and Tommy are singing together into one mike. We hear
nothing but girls SCREAMING. The screaming suddenly stops.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)
Then, the Sizzler called.

We hear the sound of cattle MOOING.

73 EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

73

A close shot of a PHOTO OF A STEAK PLATTER. The photo is posted in the window of a restaurant in the bustling Times Square district. The MOOING continues. Camera tilts up to a window in a flophouse hotel above the restaurant. We zoom slowly into the window.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)

...In three months, we were outgrossing monster trucks in Wichita. With that kind of money coming in, I was able to give up all my jobs and devote myself entirely to our career. We were very happy.

We find Hedwig inside the window looking out.

CUT TO:

74 INT. FLOPHOUSE HOTEL ROOM, MANHATTAN - DAY

74

Hedwig, Phyllis et al. are crammed in the tiniest fleabag welfare hotel room yet. The MOOING suddenly changes to the sound of CHICKENS CLUCKING. Hedwig, lost in memories again, is doing her makeup using the window as a mirror. She might be sketching again. Schlafko is changing the baby. Jacek is shaving. The following scene has the feeling of the overcrowded stateroom scene in the Marx Brothers' A Night at the Opera.

CLOSE SHOT of the *Natural Sound* Sleep Machine which is hooked up to a Walkman. Krzyzhtoff turns a dial and the CLUCKING cuts out suddenly and we hear a cartoon BOING sound effect. He is smoking a joint and programming the machine to produce new sounds.

PHYLLIS

Well, we're dry. We're spent. We're flat broke. I don't know what we're going to do.

A KNOCKING SOUND. Phyllis opens the door. A blond BROTHER AND SISTER full of piercings enter and zero in on Jacek who seems to be expecting them. The CHICKEN SOUNDS change to the SOUND OF A CORK POPPED AND WINE BEING POURED.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

This is Manhattan, we can barely afford this hole, let alone a venue for the show.

(CONTINUED)

A KNOCKING SOUND. Phyllis opens it. No one's there. Then we hear the SOUND OF A DOORKNOB TURNING and the CREAK of a door opening. Then the LAUGH TRACK of a large audience.

INSERT: All the sounds are coming from the Sound Machine.

The siblings start slathering shave cream on Jacek's chest.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

This place stinks.

(sniffs the curtains.)

Have you smelled these curtains?

Come here and smell this. Smell it. It smells terrible. You've got to smell this!

A KNOCKING SOUND. Phyllis ignores it and keeps smelling the curtains with mounting disgust.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

When something smells bad you just want to smell it more.

The door opens and a drugged-looking MIDDLED-AGED WOMAN enters in a bathrobe and slippers. Krzyzhtoff greets her. She squeezes through the group to share his joint. The siblings are shaving Jacek's ass. The room is now completely packed.

Hedwig looks at her watch. Phyllis picks up on this.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

Yitzhak should be back with that wig any minute now. She probably had to go uptown for human hair.

The door opens and a JANITOR holding a push broom enters. He pushes through the wall-to-wall people with difficulty and hands a quart of milk to Schlratko who begins to look for his wallet. Schlratko's BABY STARTS TO CRY.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

Oh, honey. What's wrong?

Schlratko turns to Phyllis with a grim expression.

SCHLATKO

The road ain't no place to start a family.

(CONTINUED)

Then BABY'S CRIES from the Sound Machine. The real baby cries louder.

PHYLLIS

(to Krzyzhtoff)

You want to hear another sound effect?

She grabs the Sound Machine and throws it out the open window. We hear a SMASHING SOUND on the pavement below.

Silence.

The door opens. It's Yitzhak, wearing a fabulous Rent-like wig. He is radiant.

YITZHAK

(quietly)

I got it.

PHYLLIS

(snatching the wig off her head)

Yes, you did. And it's stunning!

YITZHAK

(yanking it back)

Fuck off, Phyllis, I got the part. I am playing the role of Angel in the Broadway Cruises tour of Rent. So fuck you too, Miss Hedwig. This is my wig. My wig! I'm going to be star, and there's nothing you can do about it. I don't care if you have my passport. I have...social security number and driver's license. I don't care if you report me, I'll be in Guam! And Guam is American Protectorate. Where I can marry a real man. And I want a divorce. You can't stop me. Mental cruelty. Anyone can see it. Look at my face! People say we're starting to look like twins. Well, if we were ripped from same belly, it would have to be belly of a tiger shark. That species with two wombs, where tiny fetal sharks attack and devour each other until only one remains alive in each. Twin victors born on full stomach.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3)

74

YITZHAK (cont'd)

We would recline in afterbirth, drying in morning sun, too bloated and exhausted to turn on each other. Until it was time for lunch.

He bursts into tears as he fully comprehends his powerlessness. Silence.

Hedwig slowly bends, takes the wig from Yitzhak's limp fingers, smoothes it and puts it on.

Phyllis is horrified. She makes a decision.

PHYLLIS

I don't think you need my help anymore.

She takes Yitzhak's arm and they leave the room. Silence. Then, one by one, the remaining members of the band file out.

Hedwig is alone. Silence but for street sounds. Hedwig turns back to the mirror. She sees herself and is a little afraid.

75 EXT. MEATPACKING DISTRICT, AN HOUR LATER - NIGHT

75

Hedwig, wearing thigh-high black stiletto boots, stands against a wall in front of a meat-packing plant sign. A TOMMY SONG ("In Your Arms") plays from a radio somewhere. Cars cruise by slowly. Across the street...

...a black TRANSVESTITE PROSTITUTE stands watching the cars.

- A car slows down next to her. The Tommy song is playing on its radio. Two HASIDIC MEN give her the once over. She returns their stares. They cruise on.

A LIMO pulls up in front of her. The DRIVER gets out and nervously opens the passenger door for her. She walks over to it and looks inside.

A SMALL MALE FIGURE sits, shrouded in darkness. We recognize him as Tommy Gnosis. His hair is a silvery work of art. His liquid eyes--one pink and one blue--shine out of the shadows. The SILVER CROSS is painted on his forehead like an Ash Wednesday stigmata. He seems very young and vulnerable despite his glam exterior. His eyes widen in recognition.

They stare at each other in silence.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Hedwig starts to go. But Tommy holds his hand out to her. She pauses. She takes his hand and steps into the limo.

76 INT. LIMO - MINUTES LATER

76

They sit opposite each other stiffly. Memories and emotions flow silently. White powder dusts Tommy's upper lip. He smiles. Hedwig doesn't. Tommy's hand produces a promotional CD single and a pen. He writes carefully on the label and extends it to Hedwig. She won't take it. He presses it into her hands.

TOMMY

Please.

She submits and examines the CD.

INSERT of CD COVER: Three handwritten words are added.

"The Origin of Love"

Hedwig Robinson and
by Tommy Gnosis

Hedwig is stunned. Tommy takes the CD and slides it into a CD player. He hands her a set of headphones. She dons them, listens and smiles despite herself. Tommy laughs and speaks to the chauffeur through an intercom.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Bobby...

The limo stops. The chauffeur gets out with cash in his hand. Tommy climbs into the drivers seat. Hedwig gets in the passenger seat. They laugh and exchange the latest rock star gossip (ad libbed).

They drive along the river. The moon over Jersey is lovely. There is a lull in the conversation.

Tommy's hand falls near Hedwig's. He moves it until their fingers are touching. Their nail colors are complementary. Hedwig clasps his pinky with her own. They stay like that for a while without speaking. Then Hedwig's hand begins to move up his arm to his neck and lips. He takes her finger into his mouth. Her hand moves slowly down his chest to his crotch. He shivers. She begins to go down on him.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

- Tears fill his eyes. He closes them and the tears spill down his cheeks.

- We see the limo approaching an intersection where a YELLOW SCHOOL BUS has paused to make a left turn.

- The limo runs a RED LIGHT.

- Tommy opens his eyes and is horrified.

TOMMY'S POV: The side of the bus is suddenly in front of him. On it is printed: "Bergen County School for the Hearing Impaired."

SCREEN GOES BLACK. Silence.

CUT TO:

77 INT. NEW YORK CITY PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

77

Filling the room are hundreds of REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN, clamoring with questions. Tommy's PUBLICIST stands at a podium.

1ST REPORTER

(standing)

The hospital has just reported that the surviving deaf child will lose his sight. Does Mr. Gnosis have anything to say to this boy?

PUBLICIST

I'd like to read a statement from Mr. Gnosis.

(reading)

"I just want to tell all the deaf children: I'm sorry. This horrible event was a cry for help. I was crying 'help' to me. It had nothing to do with you. It was all about me. It was about me at a certain time in my life and it was incredibly unfortunate that you were there."

Mr. Gnosis' Millennial Tour will henceforth be known as the Tour of Atonement.

2ND REPORTER

What is the nature of Tommy's relationship with Hedwig Robinson? There have been--

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

PUBLICIST

(wagging his finger)

Let me make this very clear: Mr. Gnosis had never met that woman--Ms. Robinson--before that night, and he had no idea she was a transexual. He simply saw a woman on the street who needed a ride. He gave her money because she didn't have any. We are out of time, thank you very much.

CUT TO:

78 INT. NEW YORK CITY PRESS ROOM - DAY

78

Same CROWD OF PRESS. Sitting at a table on a dais are Hedwig and Phyllis. Next to them sit an eight-year-old DEAF BOY with bandages over his eyes and hands. The BOY'S MOTHER sits next to him. Hedwig's face is stony. Phyllis speaks into a microphone.

PHYLLIS

Nicky is an incredibly intelligent and resilient little boy. He has expressed to me, through surprisingly deft manipulation of plastic refrigerator magnet letters, that he doesn't feel any rancor towards Mr. Gnosis--he actually used the word "rancor"--and that he simply wants closure. We believe that Nicky deserves every dollar of the 10 million in damages that he is asking from Mr. Gnosis and we offer our full support in this endeavor.

Reporters shout overlapping questions.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

There will be no further statements from, or interviews granted by, Ms. Robinson until after her opening night this saturday. I hope you can all be there.

She covers the mike with her hand and turns to Hedwig.

PHYLLIS (cont'd)

I'm trying to set up the surprise duet. We have a call in to Gennifer Flowers, Monica is playing hard to get, Jessica Hahn's just waiting for the word and Divine Brown won't stop calling me. Honey, we're in!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS (cont'd)
(hands her a booklet)
What do you think of this endorsement
proposal?
(suddenly gets an internal
call)
Serbian Tourist Board? Talk to me.

Hedwig looks at the booklet. It is a mock-up graphic of a
perfume bottle labelled:

ATROCITY

by Hedwig

CUT TO:

79 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

79

Hedwig, wearing the punk rock fantasy costume and wig from
Wig in a Box, stands nervously in a dark, grimy alley outside
an emergency exit door. We hear the buzz of a crowd. Next
to her is a rig of theatrical lighting instruments that are
directed towards the door. The end of the alley opens onto a
busy Manhattan street where PEDESTRIANS cross. Hedwig seems
uncomfortable. She reaches into her bra and removes two
tomatoes. She reverses their positions in the bra cups,
relieving her discomfort. She produces a compact.

Inside, America the Beautiful suddenly begins on guitar and
the crowd begins to CHEER. Then, the lighting instruments
explode to life next to her, emitting a red blaze. She
snatches a final look in the mirror. Perfect. She puts away
the compact and opens the door to a SWELL of applause.

CUT TO:

80. INT. THANK GOD IT'S NEW YORK! RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

80

Hedwig emerges from the emergency exit door onto the stage of
the usual space, now decorated in a New York City theme. The
tables have been replaced with rows of seats which are jammed
with a screaming downtown hipster audience. SRO. Many
people are wearing foam Hedhead wigs. The band is decked out
in their fab Wig in a Box gear. Hedwig strides to the center
stage mike and drinks in the applause. The applause cuts out
suddenly (and we go into slo-mo?). It is replaced by
Hedwig's breathing sounds.

(CONTINUED)

MONTAGE OF MOMENTS FROM THE SHOW (Slo-mo and MOS except incidental sounds of Hedwig breathing, scratching her wig, clearing her throat, etc.)

- A New York Post cover with Tommy's and Hedwig's photos is projected onto the sleek new projection screen. Hedwig opens the emergency exit door. The lighting instruments behind the door emit BLINDING BLUE LIGHT from "Tommy's concert". Hedwig's audience loves it.

- Hedwig straddles a "car wash" victim in Sugar Daddy. Guffawing faces.

- Projection from the Origin of Love. Hedwig's head is in a PROP OVEN. Huge laughs.

- Hedwig holds her crotch. A projection: $6 - 5 = 1$ The audience howls.

- Hedwig is taken aback at the slightly hysterical quality of the crowd's response.

- She strikes a pose at the end of Wig in a Box. Standing ovation.

Hedwig looks back at the band. We hear her breathing. They are all a bit stunned too, except for...

...Yitzhak, who sits slumped over, staring at nothing. We can suddenly hear Yitzhak's breathing too.

Hedwig looks back at the cheering audience. The live audience sound SNAPS BACK IN (back to normal film speed): the audience is sitting back down. Hedwig waits for silence.

HEDWIG

One day, I am curled up in the trailer...

81 INT. HEDWIG'S TRAILER - DAY

81

Hedwig is nursing a drink on the Lay-Z-Boy rocker. The trailer is festooned with damp laundry hanging from clothes lines. We can hear rain falling softly outside.

HEDWIG (V.O. cont'd)

...with my usual late afternoon constitutional of grain alcohol and Brita.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

We see Hedwig's face in a mirror: she looks at camera and speaks.

HEDWIG

(an aside)

I like to be good to myself.

Tommy is at the door, damp and in tears.

HEDWIG

Honey, what is it?

TOMMY

(hysterical)

My dad...and my mom...and my parents.

HEDWIG

That's a lot of people, hon, c'mere.

She holds him. But as usual he squirms, slides behind her and clutches her spine to his chest until they are in a spooning position.

HEDWIG (V.O.)

I am suddenly very much aware that we haven't kissed in all the months we've been together. In fact, he has maintained a near perfect ignorance of the front of me. Perhaps because of his preference for over-the-shoulder love.

HEDWIG

Honey, why don't you work on that new song while I finish trimming your eyebrows? They're running all over your face like little caterpillars.

He picks up his guitar while she gets the little scissors and a towel. She dries him off a bit. He strums and sings.

TOMMY

Look what you done--
(the chord is wrong)
Shit!

HEDWIG (V.O.)

Another song blows in from the trailer next door.

(CONTINUED)

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
(singing a la Whitney Houston)
And I'll always love you....

Hedwig looks out the window.

In the trailer next door, a YOUNG FEMALE NEIGHBOR, old before her time, sits at a dinette slumped over a cigarette and a quart of ice cream, singing "I Will Always Love You" in not a bad voice.

HEDWIG (V.O.)
This song has been playing on a loop for three days.

TOMMY
(listening)
What do you think? Does love last forever?

HEDWIG
No, but this song does.

TOMMY
Don't knock a multiplatinum single. I wish I could hit those notes.

HEDWIG
Move your lips and I'll sing them for you, honey.

He mimics her mockingly.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
I am going to slap you. I am going to slap you like a big black backup singer coming at you from a shadowy corner of the stage. Like Mick Jagger's backup singer. Like Martha Wash, I'm going to slap you.

They laugh. We catch Hedwig's face in a hand mirror propped up nearby: she looks at camera.

HEDWIG
(an aside)
We laugh at the professional references.

She returns to his brows. The Neighbor croons on.

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG

Seriously, Tom, yes. I believe love is immortal.

TOMMY

(singing)

Look what you done--

(bad chord)

Goddammit, I can't hear myself. How is it immortal?

HEDWIG

Perhaps because love creates something that was not there before.

TOMMY

What, like procreation?

HEDWIG

Yes, but not only.

TOMMY

What, like recreation?

He grabs her ass and laughs. She doesn't.

HEDWIG

Sometimes just creation. Don't move.

She paints a bold SILVER CROSS on his forehead. She holds up a mirror. He looks at himself. He looks like a rock star. He starts the song again.

TOMMY

(singing)

Look what you've done.

The chord is perfect. The Neighbor modulates into a higher key.

NEIGHBOR

And IIIII....!

Tommy slowly rises and draws the curtains that are attached at the top and the bottom. He extends his hand. She takes it. Their nail colors complement each other beautifully. He leads her through the hanging laundry. Suddenly and magically, there is a veritable forest of clothing to move through. He leads her to a clearing in the forest, the Neighbor finishes the song and he begins to kiss her.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (4)

81

Hedwig kisses him back disbelievingly. Then, rather sharply, he inhales air from her mouth, startling her.

TOMMY

Breathe through my mouth.

He inhales from her lungs. He exhales as she inhales. They begin to breathe as a hermetic unit. Their chests rise and fall in opposite rhythm as if they were a single being. We hear Origin of Love chords.

HEDWIG (V.O.)

No blood in my eyes. No blood on his face. He's the one. The one who was taken. The one who left. The twin born by fission. He'll die in fusion, our fusion, cold fusion, unlimited power, unlimited knowledge. The secrets he must hold. The forgotten memories that we shared, the words to complete the sentence that I began, "I am..."

Tears fill Hedwig's eyes. Both of them are growing faint as they exhaust the oxygen in their lungs. They are framed by the open door of the trailer. Unnaturally lush trees and foliage can be seen outside. Sudden gusts of winds start to blow the hanging laundry about.

Suddenly the trailer doorway widens surreally as the walls of the trailer begin to part.

82 EXT. FANTASY WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

82

The walls disappear and they are suddenly in lush surreal wilderness beyond the doorway. A passionate gale is blowing. They break the kiss, gasping for air as their hands continue to move over each other's body.

TOMMY

Oh, Hedwig. Oh, God. When Eve was still inside Adam, they were in paradise. When she was separated from him, that's when paradise was lost. So when she enters him again, paradise will be regained!

HEDWIG

That's right, honey, however you want it, just kiss me while we do it.

She kisses him and pulls his hand between her legs.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

TOMMY
(recoiling)
What the hell is that?

The fantasy land suddenly disappears.

BACK TO:

83 INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

83

They are suddenly in the mobile home again.. Most of the laundry lies on the floor. Hedwig's makeup is smeared.

HEDWIG
(quietly)
That's what I have to work with.

Silence.

TOMMY
My mom is probably wondering where I--
Hedwig starts to shove and punch him.

HEDWIG
SISSY! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

TOMMY
I love you.

HEDWIG
(screaming)
THEN LOVE THE FRONT OF ME!

He runs out the back door. Hedwig watches him go in shock.
Silence.

She looks at the camera.

BACK TO:

84 INT. THANK GOD IT'S NEW YORK! - NIGHT

84

Hedwig stands on stage in the same position as she stood in the trailer. Someone in the audience GIGGLES. Then silence. Piano chords. Hedwig begins to sing gently.

HEDWIG
I WAS BORN ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF A TOWN RIPPED IN TWO.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG (cont'd)
 AND NO MATTER HOW HARD I'VE TRIED
 I END UP BLACK AND BLUE.
 I ROSE FROM OFF OF THE DOCTOR'S SLAB
 I LOST A PIECE OF MY HEART
 NOW EVERYONE GETS TO TAKE A STAB
 THEY CUT ME UP INTO PARTS.
 I GAVE A PIECE TO MY MOTHER.
 I GAVE A PIECE TO MY MAN.
 I GAVE A PIECE TO THE ROCK STAR.
 HE TOOK THE GOOD STUFF AND RAN.

She kicks over a mikestand and the band lurches into a raging punk song, Exquisite Corpse.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
 (screaming)
 OH GOD I'M ALL SEWN UP
 A HARDENED RAZOR CUT
 SCAR MAP ACROSS MY BODY
 AND YOU CAN TRACE THE LINES
 THROUGH MISERY'S DESIGN
 THAT MAP ACROSS MY BODY
 A COLLAGE!
 ALL SEWN UP!
 A MONTAGE!
 ALL SEWN UP!

Yitzhak sings with a vengeful satisfaction:

YITZHAK
 A RANDOM PATTERN WITH A NEEDLE AND
 THREAD
 THE OVERLAPPING WAY DISEASES ARE SPREAD
 THROUGH A TORNADO BODY
 WITH A HAND GRENADE HEAD
 AND THE LEGS ARE TWO LOVERS ENTWINED

HEDWIG
 INSIDE I'M HOLLOWED OUT
 OUTSIDE'S A PAPER SHROUD
 AND ALL THE REST'S ILLUSION
 THAT THERE'S A WILL AND SOUL
 THAT WE CAN WREST CONTROL
 FROM CHAOS AND CONFUSION.
 A COLLAGE!
 ALL SEWN UP!
 A MONTAGE!
 ALL SEWN UP!

(CONTINUED)

HEDWIG, YITZHAK AND SKSZP
THE AUTOMATIST'S UNDOING
THE WHOLE WORLD STARTS UNSCREWING
AS TIME COLLAPSES AND SPACE WARPS.
YOU SEE DECAY AND RUIN
I TELL YOU: NO, NO, NO, NO!
YOU MAKE SUCH AN EXQUISITE CORPSE!

Hedwig kicks over an amp. She grabs Skszp's guitar and starts to swing it at Yitzhak. Yitzhak avoids her easily. Frustrated, Hedwig batters the guitar against a monitor. She pulls down the projection screen and bricabrac from the walls.

HEDWIG
I'VE GOT IT ALL SEWN UP
A HARDENED RAZOR CUT
SCAR MAP ACROSS MY BODY
AND YOU CAN TRACE THE LINES
THROUGH MISERY'S DESIGN
THAT MAP ACROSS MY BODY
A COLLAGE!
ALL SEWN UP!
A MONTAGE!
ALL SEWN UP!

She rips her dress open, pulls out the tomatoes from her bra and SMASHES them on her bare, male chest. The music starts to break down.

More tomatoes hit Hedwig from behind. Yitzhak is suddenly holding a BASKET OF TOMATOES and throwing them at her by the handful. The band grabs some and starts throwing them at her. She holds up her arms to protect herself.

The entire audience begins to pelt her with tomatoes and other fruit. She retreats from the onslaught, ripping the wig off and flailing it around impotently. It's the first time we've seen her bare-headed. Her hair is short, dark and matted. She finds herself cowering against the emergency exit door.

The door suddenly swings open under her weight, releasing a flood of fake CROWD SOUNDS and BLUE LIGHT from Tommy's "concert". The sound overpowers the jagged musical remnants of Exquisite Corpse. Hedwig falls through the door. It closes and she is gone.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN" - EVENING

85

CLOSE on Hedwig's face, filling the frame and lit by Tommy's blue "concert" light. Her eyes are closed. The concert CHEERS are all around her now. They swell and the melancholy piano intro to Wicked Little Town begins.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Before I go, I'd like to sing a song that
someone wrote for me a long time ago. If
you're real quiet...maybe she can hear me.

Hedwig's eyes open and see...

...Tommy, a lonely figure standing in a kaleidoscopic pool of blue light in the center of a vast dark stage. With his dark hair and smeared makeup, he might be Hedwig's twin but for the smeared and shimmering SILVER CROSS on his forehead. He sings with sincerity and regret.

TOMMY

FORGIVE ME
FOR I DID NOT KNOW.
CAUSE I WAS JUST A BOY
AND YOU WERE SO MUCH MORE
THAN ANY GOD COULD EVER PLAN,
MORE THAN A WOMAN OR A MAN.
AND NOW I UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I TOOK
FROM YOU

We push through and pan across YOUNG FACES in the crowd, as we did when Hedwig sang to Tommy in the Dr. Espresso scene. Most of the faces aren't paying much attention; instead they survey the crowd with stoned, lonely expressions.

TOMMY (cont'd)

THAT, WHEN EVERYTHING STARTS BREAKING
DOWN,
YOU TAKE THE PIECES OFF THE GROUND
AND SHOW THIS WICKED TOWN
SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL AND NEW.

Panning across a face and over a shoulder, we discover...

...Hedwig, standing against a bank of blue lights at the back of the hall. Her face is a sculpture of emotion as she watches Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY (cont'd)
 YOU THINK THAT LUCK
 HAS LEFT YOU THERE.
 BUT MAYBE THERE'S NOTHING
 UP IN THE SKY BUT AIR.
 AND THERE'S NO MYSTICAL DESIGN,
 NO COSMIC LOVER PREASSIGNED.
 THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN FIND
 THAT CANNOT BE FOUND.
 BECAUSE, WITH ALL THE CHANGES YOU'VE
 BEEN THROUGH,
 IT SEEMS THE STRANGER'S ALWAYS YOU,
 ALONE AGAIN IN SOME NEW
 WICKED LITTLE TOWN.

The word "GNOSIS" appears in huge glowing letters behind Tommy.

TIGHT on Hedwig's face. Tears are running blackly down her cheeks.

TOMMY (cont'd)
 SO, WHEN YOU'VE GOT NO OTHER CHOICE
 YOU KNOW YOU CAN FOLLOW MY VOICE
 THROUGH THE DARK TURNS AND NOISE
 OF THIS WICKED LITTLE TOWN.
 OH, IT'S A WICKED LITTLE TOWN.
 GOODBYE, WICKED LITTLE TOWN.

The song ends and Tommy's body slumps. The CROWD SOUNDS SWELL and suddenly STOP when we...

CUT BACK TO:

86 INT. THANK GOD IT'S NEW YORK! - NIGHT

86

We cut back to Hedwig's face: The SILVER CROSS has appeared on her brow like a stigmata.

We widen to find that she is back in the restaurant, unwigged, barechested and disoriented. She looks out into the house.

The audience has changed. It now consists of audience members from all of Hedwig's earlier performances. The entire crowd is seated, disoriented, calm and expectant--like newly departed souls.

(CONTINUED)

Hedwig looks around her in wonder. She touches her bare chest. She looks behind her and finds...

...Yitzhak, who is similarly present and expectant.

Hedwig looks down at her discarded WIG lying tangled at her feet.

She seems to know what to do now. She signals to Skszp, who begins to play the guitar intro to Midnight Radio. The crowd is silent. She picks up the wig and begins to sing.

HEDWIG
RAIN FALLS HARD
BURNS DRY
A DREAM
OR A SONG
THAT HITS YOU SO HARD
FILLING YOU UP
AND SUDDENLY GONE.

She holds the wig out to Yitzhak. With a resigned expression, Yitzhak takes it and begins to place it on Hedwig's head. Hedwig stops him and presses it into his hands. Yitzhak hesitates, then places it on his own head.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
BREATHE FEEL LOVE
GIVE FREE
KNOW IN YOUR SOUL
LIKE YOUR BLOOD KNOWS THE WAY
FROM YOUR HEART TO YOUR BRAIN
KNOW THAT YOU'RE WHOLE.

Hedwig begs Yitzhak's hand. He grants it. They dance--tenderly but with formality.

Then Hedwig releases Yitzhak's hand as if setting him free. Yitzhak is stunned.

HEDWIG (cont'd)
(to Yitzhak)
AND YOU'RE SHINING
LIKE THE BRIGHTEST STAR
A TRANSMISSION
ON THE MIDNIGHT RADIO

Hedwig motions Yitzhak to look out into the hall. He does so and the crowd roars and comes to its feet.

(CONTINUED)

Yitzhak turns around and lets himself fall backwards into the audience. She is caught by a score of waiting hands. His face is ecstatic as the crowd passes him gently from one hand to another, away from the stage until he disappears in the dim horizon of the audience.

One of the those hands belongs to a weeping Phyllis.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

AND YOU'RE SPINNING
LIKE A 45
BALLERINA
DANCING TO YOUR ROCK AND ROLL.
HERE'S TO PATTY
AND TINA
AND YOKO
ARETHA
AND NONA
AND NICO
AND ME.

We move through the audience and find MOM, LUTHER and his GIRLYBOY, the BOYS FROM BERLIN, the TRAILER PARK NEIGHBORS, the KOREAN BAND MEMBERS. Hedwig sings to everyone in her life.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

AND ALL THE STRANGE ROCK AND ROLLERS
YOU KNOW YOU'RE DOING ALL RIGHT
SO HOLD ON TO EACH OTHER
YOU GOTTA HOLD ON TONIGHT
AND YOU'RE SHINING
LIKE THE BRIGHTEST STARS
A TRANSMISSION
ON THE MIDNIGHT RADIO
AND YOU'RE SPINNING
YOUR NEW 45'S
ALL THE MISFITS AND THE LOSERS.
YEAH, YOU KNOW YOU'RE ROCK AND ROLLERS
SPINNING TO YOUR ROCK AND ROLL.
LIFT UP YOUR HANDS!
LIFT UP YOUR HANDS!
LIFT UP YOUR HANDS!

Members of the audience begin to lift their hands and sing along. The band is rocking like never before.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

Appearing hugely behind the band (in digital composite) are the two ANIMATED COMPLEMENTARY FACES--one male, one female--familiar from the Origin of Love sequence. The faces attempt to merge. They try different combinations--bumping into each other awkwardly (approximately one minute animated sequence).

Luther and the Koreans are jumping up and down. The crowd is screaming.

Hedwig's Mom remains seated, motionless and alone.

HEDWIG (cont'd)

LIFT UP YOUR HANDS!

LIFT UP YOUR HANDS!

Hedwig is in a rapturous state.

CLOSE on her hand as it reaches into the air. We TILT UP past her hand where...

...the ANIMATED FACES fill the stage and finally find a way to connect like two pieces of a puzzle. They begin to merge into a SINGLE FACE.

DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

87

The face fully merges and settles onto a flesh-colored background as the song fades out.

We ZOOM OUT from the face and find that it is a TATTOO on Hedwig's lower abdomen. A tattoo that has changed. As has Hedwig. She is walking away from camera down the tunnel-like length of the alley she stood in earlier. She is almost completely stripped of makeup and clothing and she moves as might a lame person learning to walk towards the warm streetlights at the end of the alley.

Pedestrians begin to cross on the sidewalk outside the alley. As she walks slowly away from us, her body begins to straighten and move with more assurance. She reaches the end of the tunnel and pauses, looking out on the street. People pass her with a look.

She moves into the street with a new kind of grace. The crossing pedestrians draw a gentle curtain over her figure and she disappears.